EBRUARY 1
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NEW MASSES

15¢
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ART YOUNG

HIS LIFE AND TIMES

Rockwell Kent, Charles Chaplin, Daniel Fitzpatrick, Robert Minor, John A. Kingsbury, Boris Efimov, Gilbert Wilson, Adolf Dehn, William Young, Corliss Lamont, William Gropper, Elizabeth Gurley Flynn, Alfred Kreymborg, Virginia Gardner.

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As Would a Pupil . . .

You can call this a typical letter from a typical NEW MASSES reader. That's why NM lives on, come hell or high water. For this man and thousands like him dig down in their pockets each year to see to it that their indispensable magazine comes through. This citizen of Kent, O., has sent his contribution in already to our annual drive for $40,000. Have you?

January 18, 1944.

DEAR EDITOR:

I am writing this letter in the same spirit of thanks and gratefulness as would a pupil, already grown up and out of school, write his beloved teacher—as Morgan Evans might write to Miss Moffat of Evelyn Williams' "The Corn Is Green." NEW MASSES has been my greatest teacher, and, though I haven't—not by a long shot—left its classroom, I think I have already seen and learned the great lesson it has to teach: DEMOCRACY; better still: DEMOCRACY IN ACTION. Thus this letter of thanks.

But this letter is not so much concerned with an exposition of my feelings for having been given countless moments of joy and deep social sensibility throughout a year's reading of NEW MASSES, as it is concerned with my recounting what I saw and what I got out of the NEW MASSES' New Year's Eve Costume Ball which I had the great fortune to attend for the first time not three weeks ago.

Out here in Kent, Ohio, one would hardly know of the kind of democracy you people advocate. Sure, there is democracy here: there is freedom of speech, freedom of religion, freedom of the press, and the freedom of enterprise of the NAM stripe (the Jack and Heintz plant is only twenty miles away). The Negro here is, as you well know, the victim of cordon sanitaire strategy. Even in the University he is still recognized as the son of Ham and not of Tom Jefferson. All right. So I read NEW MASSES, and I find out otherwise. I find you people doing everything possible to champion the cause of the Negro, the Bolivian tin worker, the Jew, the men of Tito . . . on paper. All sound Marxist and Leninist philosophy. Good. But, I also speculated, there always is a great lag between words and action. Sure, I remembered what Daniel Prentiss said about the picture "Sahara." This picture he would label: Democracy in action. Yes, but Prentiss still deals in words, and so does NEW MASSES, and what do they both do to translate those lofty ideals into real action? Thus went my reasoning.

I took my foolish mind with me to New York this Christmas and gave it a thorough laundering New Year's Eve. There I saw for the first time what I had always wanted to see: words jumping right out of the pages of NEW MASSES, and literally dancing with each other to the music of Don Wilson and/or the Havana Troubadors. Tears came to my eyes—tears of happiness, tears that could in part make up for those copiously shed by Russian mothers, Chinese fathers, Indian brothers and Spanish sisters. Yes, I assured myself as I looked on through the welter of tears, the NEW MASSES meant every word they've been saying. Yes, this was democracy in action. I've never seen such camaraderie. Yet I can expect it every time from now on, those times when I can revisit the place of my first glimpse into a real kind of democracy.

Now I am back in Kent and I am reassured. No more speculations. Just to settle down to a lifetime of reading the most important magazine—I suppose you'd call it a periodical—in America.

Thanks again.

Respectfully yours,

Nathan Halpert

(See page 29)

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NEW MASSES

VOL. L FEBRUARY 1, 1944 NO. 5

By Jose Clemente Orozco

The Man Who'll Never Die

By the Editors

THIS issue is dedicated to the memory of our colleague, Art Young.

We loved him dearly. He was kind and wise and utterly fearless. His life spanned the most trying decades in American life and from the storehouse of his experience he fashioned a political philosophy which placed him in the forefront of all progressive mankind. Art was never a summer soldier. He fought for the trade unionists when they were but a ragged army in the battle for democracy. Art gave battle when many of his former friends stood aside and let the darkness of reaction descend and envelop the causes in which he believed. His pencil was his rifle and from it came a searing fire against the enemies of decency and freedom. And when the fighting was grimmest, Art was always there, smiling as if to say, "I have been through a good deal of warfare and the fighting is always easier if each grenade is charged with a little humor." Art loved to laugh. It was the laughter of a man supremely confident in the strength and intelligence of the people.

Yes, he was a great people's artist.

He worked with us intimately, for he loved NEW MASSES, whose predecessor, the *Masses*, he had founded along with others in 1911. And when there are those who malign Art by saying that he was not interested in NEW MASSES, that he despised the causes it championed, they lie and they know it. Listen to Art speak in his magnificent autobiography, *Art Young: His Life And Times*, about the magazine on whose editorial board he served until the day he died: "Establishment of the enterprise gave me a sense of fresh hope. The pages of NEW MASSES display vitality that was electric in its effects upon me, and undoubtedly upon other creative workers. Welcoming this magazine and expressing delight that the infant seemed so lusty, William Allen White, editor of the *Emporia Gazette* in Kansas, gave it only six months to live. But it has survived all the fears of friends and hopes of enemies that it might die an early death. . . . I have found satisfaction in numerous pictorial contributions to the New Masses—necessarily less often in recent times—and it is good to know that this dependable vehicle of social protest exists." Turn also to the words (page 11 of this issue) Art spoke at a celebration in honor of a leading American Communist and one of his dearest friends, Ella Reeve Bloor. There it is as clear as one of Art's sketches what he thought of the liars and the traitors who called themselves Socialists. His fury against them was endless for they debased the great traditions of the country's working people.

Art loved as fiercely as he hated.

When he died it came as a shock to us and to our readers. Tens of thousands of us will miss him. We will miss his finely fashioned barbs at hypocrisy, at the virulent men who march up and down so many newspaper columns. We will miss his mature sense of people; his unfailing interest in NEW MASSES' welfare. We will miss above all the encouragement and strength he gave to those enterprises which nurtured the best in American life and sought to elevate the nation's cultural achievements to ever higher levels.

This issue tells something of the man's greatness. But to perpetuate his memory, NEW MASSES, with the collaboration of its readers, is establishing an Art Young Memorial Award to be given annually to any work in the field of culture which best represents the meaning of Art Young's life, his exuberant democratic spirit. We hope that the award will be eagerly sought by America's young men and women, for it is in them that Art constantly placed the greatest confidence in shaping a peaceful and productive future.

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Teacher and Warrior

By Robert Minor

Portrait by Art Young from "The Best of Art Young."

Two generations of Americans grew up under some degree of the influence of Art Young.

The first generation of his pupils learned from him to see how individual persons look; and by the way he drew them, you knew how they felt, and what they had done, and what they would do. Millions of boys and girls and young men and women in all the big and little cities and towns, and in the country stores, and housewives on lonely farms in the horse-and-buggy days, looked at his pictures and had thoughts and feelings that they wouldn't have had so clear in their heads if there had been no Art Young.

The second generation of Art Young's pupils began to learn from him what he, in turn, had learned from the people. For, after about the end of the 1880's and beginning of the 90's he began to learn, and to teach, how *all mankind* looks, how millions look to each other and how they acted and what they were going to do in the then far away future. It was after the great labor struggles of the 1880's and 1890's that Art first knew that there are a present and a future, and that the future will become the present.

In a few months I will be sixty years old, and I was ten years old when I first became conscious of Art Young's pictures and began to wonder over them as interpreting the ways of life that I had not understood. Even then, nearly half a century ago, Art Young's drawing had already been appearing for several years in what we called the "comic papers."

It was in Steve Butler's barber shop in San Antonio, Tex., my native town, that I first remember seeing these drawings by Art. They were published in *Judge*, or *Puck*, or *Life*, I don't know which. Steve Butler was heavyweight champion prize-fighter of the world, as my ten-year-old recollection has it, although on second thought I think he was perhaps only a middleweight or even a lightweight champion; and now, looking back at it, I think he was only champion of the county. He ran a barber shop next door to Biediger's saloon, as a way of making a living between his championship matches; prize-fighting didn't pay as well in Texas as barbering in those days. And to my recollection the stories that Steve told to the assembled boys about his heroic adventures in the ring are strangely interwoven with the memories of the beautiful pictures of Art Young on the home-made center table in the barber shop. There were other artists whom I vaguely remember—one who signed his pictures "Zim," another who signed "Sullivant," and several others I can't remember, whose pictures appeared sooner or later in the same magazines. But always *they* were just "the others"; Art Young was the name under the pictures that always set me to wanting to know more and more and more about people and why they did the way they did and how they thought.

Most of all it was the farmers that Art Young drew in those days, as I remember it now, that drove me, no later than the age of ten, to try to make sketches of everyone I saw—and especially of the more picturesque types of people. The strange thing is that they never inspired me to copy the pictures themselves. Rather they drove me to life, to try to make pictures of *people* rather than to make pictures of pictures.

Art Young's drawings were always "old-fashioned," and nothing could make him change from the plain pen-and-ink of a style that stemmed from the wood-cut of the earlier day. He became the most successful of all.

But Art Young did not remain, and could not remain one who worked for what an artist was supposed to work in those days—money and a prosperous home and good clothes and fine food and the praise of the rulers of society. When I came to know him many years later he used to tell me how he was deeply affected by the events of the 1880's and 1890's when he, as a successful newspaper illustrator, came in contact with the great social movements, and especially the great labor disputes from 1886 on through the '90's.

I first met the grand old man when I came to New York in 1912—thirty-two years ago.

He used to tell of Arthur Brisbane's efforts to "sign him up" for a long term of years. It would have meant prosperity. But Art, the very best of his craft, was never prosperous, never "got along." In those days the Hearst press was considered the extreme left, the press that fought the rich on behalf of the poor. He made some pictures for those papers, of a high quality of social vision, but he always refused to bind himself with a contract of employment, feeling, as he told me, that it would mean his own personal destruction as a man.

Art Young became a heavy-slugging partisan in the class struggle. His political thinking was of a direct and instinctive kind—in fact, he was so elementally partisan as to resemble his old-fashioned, simple drawing. But the profundity of his feeling, his fierce and utterly devoted belligerency for the cause represented by the labor movement and all that it implied, kept him on the right side. In the first world war he took his stand definitely on the side of Debs and Ruthenberg and the younger fighters against imperialism. He attached himself to the old *Masses* magazine, and he remained with it through all its changes of name and vagaries of fortune. We must here be quite sure that we understand that not all of the traditions of the *Masses* are beautiful to contemplate. There was within it a refuse that had to be sifted out. Not only the Art Youngs of magnificent memory were associated with it, but also the Max Eastmans, whose writings are the opposite, as, for example, a piece in the despicable *Reader's Digest* which served as the greatest help for those enemies of democracy who are trying now to destroy the Teheran coalition by the vilest slanders against the greatest friend America and world democracy have, Soviet Russia.

We like to tell the story of Art Young's going to sleep while being tried for opposition to the imperialist war 'way back in 1918. But it would be the greatest mistake if we were to stop Art Young's life in 1918 as so many would like to have us do. Even over his ashes we have heard it said that Art Young was a combination of Puck, St. Francis Assisi, and Bayard le Chevalier. It is implied that after he went to sleep at his trial in 1918 Art Young remained asleep and ceased to have a life. How we despise the pusilanimity of those who distort like that! The truth is other-

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wise. Bayard? Maybe. Art Young was a man of war.

WHEN the Russian Revolution of November 1917 broke upon the world, it affected and shaped Art Young's life. He was fifty-one years old at that time. The change that it wrought in him he expressed as he expressed everything else that was in him—in pictures. He became more determined than ever in his political opinions, his social outlook, his understanding that the future was going to become real.

When I came East from California in 1918, aspiring to go to Soviet Russia as correspondent for the *Liberator*, Art came to me in a mood of such ferocity, such belligerent partisanship in behalf of the new socialist state, that I was astonished.

Yes, Art Young was a man of war. All who say he wasn't are liars. To speak of his protest "against war" in 1917 and 1918, and then to say no more, leaving the impression that he was a pacifist (even though "pacifist" was a term sometimes used loosely in the old days) is a craven manner of insulting the grand old man.

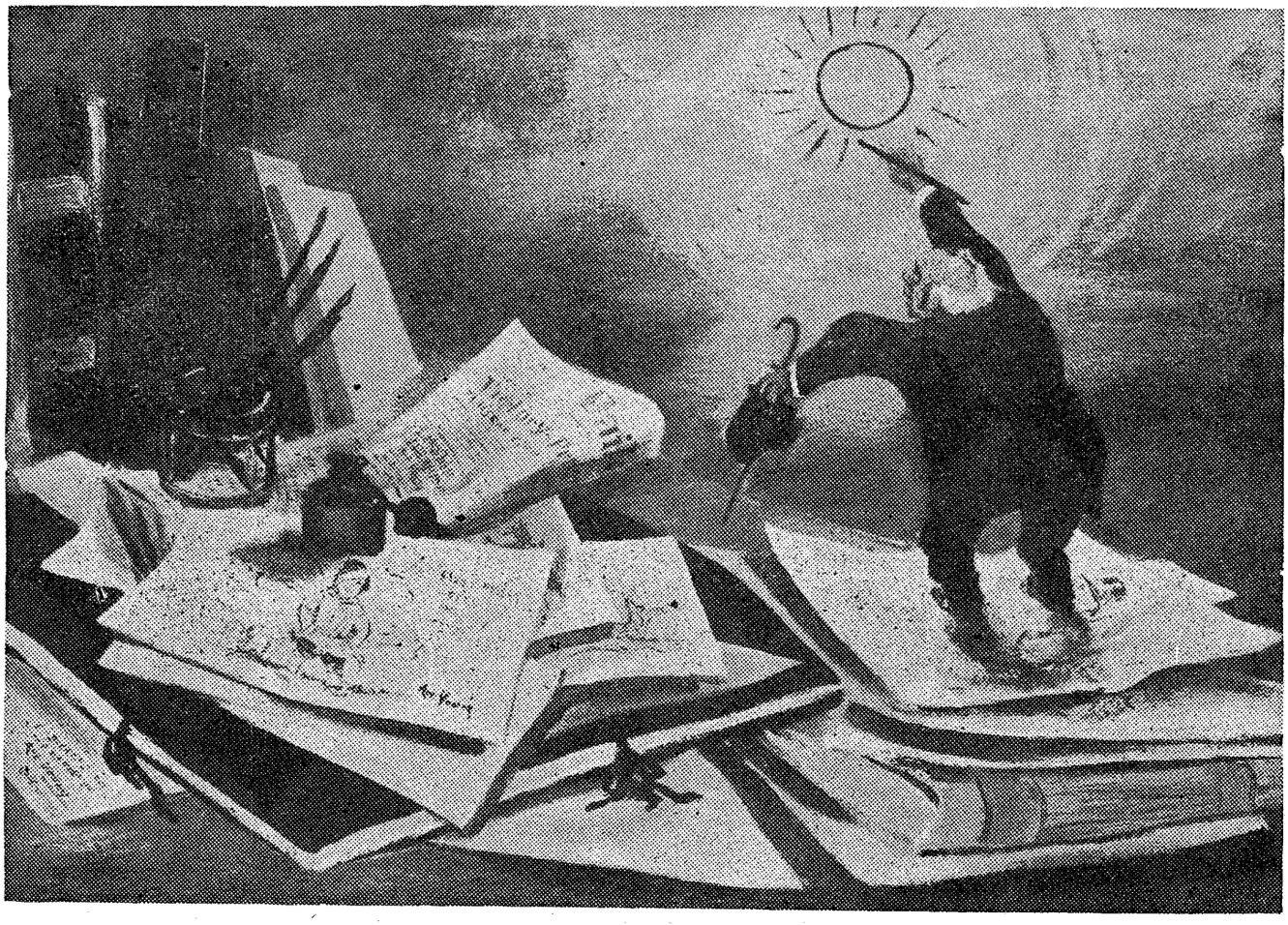
Particularly I must note his attitude during the war that we are now engaged in—and definitely the war that became a people's war of national liberation in June 1941. Art Young used to come to talk to me in the greatest excitement about the war. His voice, now grown somewhat less lion-like than his heart, would rise in angry protest against the traducers of what he had come to consider the cause upon which the cause of all humankind depended—that of the victory of the Soviet Union. That was during the half year before the United States was drawn in as a belligerent by the attack at Pearl Harbor. His wisps of white hair, and his figure grown frail, quivering with excitement, reminded me of childhood scenes when I used to hear arguments between the old Civil War veterans of the Grand Army of the Republic, fighting over again the battles from Bull Run to Appomattox.

AFTER the Atlantic Charter, Art Young took on new life and poured into the ears of all who would listen his certainty as to just how the victory would be won. And always the Red Army would, he was dead sure, do what armies had never done before. Art was an American patriot in the best sense, never a chauvinist. He believed in the people of the land of Lincoln; but he believed also in the people of the mountains of Yugoslavia and Scotland, and of the Siberian steppes and the Hwang-Ho valley. When Teheran came, he lived in a seventh heaven of delight. He had prepared in advance his now famous New Year's card of greetings for 1944. After it was printed, the treaty was signed. Art Young had to correct his New Year's card and so he wrote across it in green ink, in as many copies as he could still change, the words, "And now Teheran!" Art was always bad at spelling, which he once told me was an "unreasonable science," and in the card he sent to me and my wife he spelled it *Terehan*.

But Art understood Teheran. Art was the great people's man who had the capacity to believe that which is proven by the mind's work upon the facts. He had no superstition. He had no blind faith, he followed no magic and believed no fables. But Art Young knew that the human mind does dream ahead along the path of action that is yet to come, and that its dreams are worthwhile and can be made to come true.

Such was the great and good Art Young.

He drew for us his dream, and it will come true.



Painting by William Gropper dedicated to the memory of Art Young. At the ACA Gallery February 7 to 27.

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Artist of the Common Man

By Rockwell Kent

"TONO-BUNGAY," by H. G. Wells, is the story of the building of a great fortune on the magic power of a name. The product that the name was applied to was an afterthought. One day, happening to have called at an advertising agency, I was asked to attend a conference that was in progress and give my reaction to several names that were being considered for a new, low-cost cigarette that was about to be launched on the market. I gave my reactions and then, innocently enough, asked what sort of a cigarette it was going to be. My recollection is that everyone laughed. At any rate, they told me that that was immaterial and would be considered later. We have often been told by young people on the threshold of life, "I am going to be a writer—or a public speaker—or an artist," only to discover on questioning that they hadn't even thought of what they were going to paint, or speak, or write about.

I don't know what Art Young had in mind for himself when, in his teens, he left Monroe, Wisconsin, and went to study art in Chicago and New York; but when, aged twenty-three, he found himself at last in Paris and, as he records it, in the presence of the work of Dore, Daumier, Steinlen, and Millet whispered to himself, "I am going to be recognized as an artist—and nothing can stop me," he had already worked as a cartoonist on the Chicago dailies; he had already used his pen for saying things. The very masters to whose work he was drawn on his arrival in Paris are significant evidence that "The Way" which Art Young was all his life to follow had already been determined. We know the intention that was to lie behind every line that Art Young was ever to draw in his long life. It is by the light of intention that the work of artists is to be appraised.

ART YOUNG, like the masters to whom he was drawn by natural affinity was, throughout his life, to use his pen as most of us throughout our lives use speech; and to us the elements of his art—line and composition—as we use words and sentences. They were to be to him a natural medium for the expression of his thought. The direction of that thought would be determined by what, because of their commonness to people in general, are termed human qualities: by his absorption as a man in the lives and characters of people, and by his love of living beings and of the living world that is around us. His compass was his heart. It guided him along a road so straight and true that, pausing occasionally, taking off his hat and wiping the sweat from his forehead, he was able to look backwards over a trail so unobscured by turns or wanderings afield that the whole course of his past lay revealed; and looking forward he could see, beyond the far horizon of the long, straight road that he was to follow, the rising sun that was to him the symbol of the brotherhood and peace that mankind would some day achieve.

It was on foot that Art Young traveled, and he was able to observe the world as he advanced. He was deeply moved by the landscape of the countryside. Yet, even in his love of nature, he betrayed his greater love for man. He sought for

> *. . . books in the running brooks,*
> *Sermons in stones and good in everything.*

And in trees he found not only tongues but a semblance to living beings as the storm of life had warped and twisted them. He loved mankind. He met the rich and felt no envy; and in the poor he felt a comradeship, for he was one of them. And as his understanding ripened, resentment stirred in him at what both poverty and wealth could do to man. Offended by that desecration he came to a clear and final understanding of its social source. He accepted human nature as it is and, loving it, he came to hate the system that debauched it—this was the only hate he knew.

Art Young's work is a record, a diary one might say, of his long and leisurely progress through the world—America—that he loved. His drawings are vivid recreation of his world's people, rich and poor; and, through them, an indictment of the system that was the basic cause of their unhappiness.

Back in the days when good hand-writing was a virtue and legibility was its aim, our copy books prescribed the style. Yet the hand-writing expert informs us that no man, no matter how closely he may try to copy the form of another's writing or disguise his own, can conceal his identity. Art Young grew up at a time when the limitations of the processes of reproduction put a premium on the medium of pen and ink and the precise definition of line and form to which the medium lent itself. The great cartoonists of that day were Tenniel in England, and Thomas Nast in America. It would be less fair to say that he was influenced by these men, and by Nast in particular, than to recognize that he was himself a product of the same influences that stamp their work as of a period. The time we live in is our copy book; and yet, no matter how rigidly we may conform to its manners, we still remain ourselves. Our characters are to be read in all we do.

THE true critical approach to the appreciation of an artist's work is not only, like the court expert in hand-writing, to identify its authorship, but, like skilled graphologists, to read in the work the artist's character and the quality of his mind and heart. In Art Young's preoccupation with form, in his obvious determination in everything that he drew—even in those drawings of his which depend on outline alone—we may read a character that views life naturally as a phenomenon of three dimensions and, being three-dimensional, as having bulk and weight. The trees he drew have substance. We can walk around them, slap their trunks, or sit between their roots as these stretch out and grip the earth. His human beings stand, sit, walk; you feel their heft; they are of flesh and blood. And of that flesh and blood their spirits are an attribute. Even in the most fantastic works of his imagination, through which he showed a kinship with Dore, he is as much a realist as in his drawings of his home town folk and congressmen. It has been said of William Blake that, whereas many artists have *imagined* the heavenly angels, Blake had *seen* them and held speech with them. Art Young, like Dante, toured through Hell. The realism of his record of that journey proves it. Yet somehow, despite the clear understanding that his drawings reveal of the evil living that had brought men there, and his observation of what monsters greed, injustice, crime, had made of them, one is not moved to hate. Did Art Young feel that there, but by the grace of God, might be himself?

One feels in all that Art Young drew his love of man; and as this love precluded hatefulness, it likewise forbade him to a large degree its corollary, pity. His poorest of the poor have dignity.

The clarity of line that distinguishes Art Young's work, its frequent hardness and the almost invariable achievement of great simplicity are clear evidence of a mind intolerant of confusion of thought and determined, even at the occasional sacrifice of artistic graces and subtleties, to make his utterance understood.

A GENERATION whose artistic circles could foster a school of art termed "Impressionism," that rejected the story and the moral as inappropriate to art, that put a premium on the "sketch," that re-

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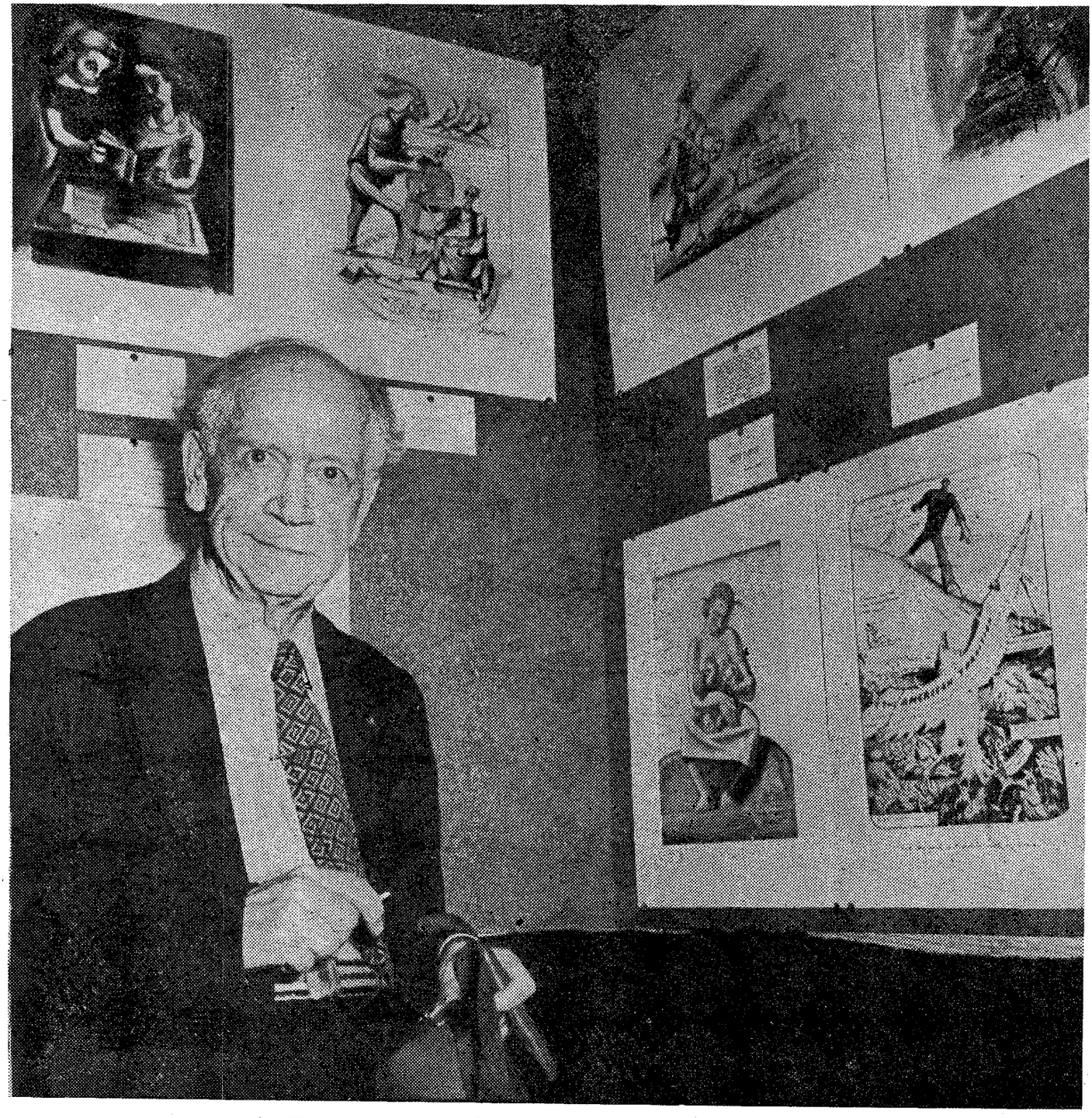
verted mentally to the dark ages of astrology and alchemy in its quest of the absolute through pure abstraction, that would fall for the obscure pseudo-Freudian symbolism of surrealism, may put slight value on the political and social cartoons and the purposeful work in general of Art Young. He has recorded his own impatience with much of the art that, for fleeting periods, was current in his life. One day, after he had made a faithful tour of the Fifth Avenue and Fifty-Seventh Street galleries, he wrote in his diary, "There are not many artists who mix brains with their paint. They paint a picture and call it 'A Man Standing' or a 'Woman Paring Apples,' and I say, 'What of it?' That it is well painted is not enough for me, nor is a still life of a pallid lemon leaning against a banana enough, however beautiful the technique. The idea or subject matter of most paintings is banal. Lead me out into the mystery of larger thoughts. Few artists there are who can take the commonplace and glorify it with thought-compelling and poetic significance."

Art Young, all his life, took as his model "the commonplace" of America—the characters of his home town and the country, the poor and the rich of our cities, the men and women in public life, our legislators and, not infrequently, himself. If epitomizing the significant traits in human character, and presenting forces of good and evil in vivid, not-to-be-forgotten images may be termed glorifying them, and we would term it that, we may say of Art Young that he did glorify life with thought-compelling and poetic significance. And it is quite possible that long after the precious Fine Art of today has been forgotten, the work of Art Young will still survive as an authentic and moving record for posterity of the strange period in which he lived.



Art Young at a recent exhibition which included some of his work.

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As Main Street Saw Him

By Virginia Gardner

To Art Young's acquaintances—and he probably had more among noted writers, artists, and radicals than any one person since the turn of the century—many of the townsfolk in Bethel and Danbury, Conn., were as familiar, through his tales, as the pine tree and the birch tree in Art's front yard at Bethel. The feeling of the townsfolk for Art, however, their way of regarding him, was something which never was set down in black and white.

After his death, then, New Masses undertook to get a record of Art Young as he was seen through the eyes of the obscure folk in these twin villages in the New England hills where he spent ten years of his life after he achieved his reputation as a famed cartoonist and a fighter for a better world.

From what they said, some dozen or so of the plain people Art Young saw almost daily for long periods, and what they left unsaid, and what was supplied by Art's close artist friend, Gilbert Wilson, who visited him for months on end, there emerges a picture of the folk artist, Art Young. It is a picture which reveals his close dependence on these people, the kind of people he knew in Monroe, Wis., so little different from the common man he would know in any other American small town.

We see Art Young as eavesdropper, not because he wanted to be but because he couldn't help it. He needed it—not just for copy, in a superficial way, but because he had to have it, this close contact with the matter-of-fact daily life of the town, this identity with the homely, but to him exciting problems of people.

To his friends in these connecting villages he rarely talked of his life outside. He seemed to want to slip into their life, to get replenished by their friendly, almost noncommittal acceptance of him, their casual discussion, their funny stories and their humdrum talk of their own and each other's troubles and frailties.

When he'd been away from his small-town life for a time he'd miss it. He'd tire of the stimulus of meetings to address, dinners to attend—although he liked recognition, too—and go sit in Stuyvesant Park with Wilson. "What was the end of that story that woman was telling about her troubles with her landlord?" he asked one night on their way home. "I couldn't catch that at the end. Did you?" He felt bad about listening in, Wilson explained. But the fact was that, whether through sly means or otherwise, he got from people what he needed, without their ever knowing it.

So, in Bethel, we see Art Young stopping in at the post office to get his mail and speak to his friend the postmaster, Frank Hurgin. "In the last few years he's been away, he went right on using Bethel as his home address," said Hurgin proudly. "We have a rule that after a year, we don't forward mail. Not that I believe in extending special privileges, you understand—but every year I told the clerk just to extend Art Young's time another year." His mail was something prodigious. In the years when he had to count the pennies, his chief extravagance was buying penny postcards. Strangers would write challenging what he once called his "socialist-Communist" views, at the same time beseeching him for an autograph, and he would reply, Wilson said. Mail came to Bethel for him also from such luminaries as George Bernard Shaw, H. G. Wells, and the Dean of Canterbury, from President Manuel Quezon of the Philippines, from the artist Jose Clemente Orozco in Mexico, from writers and artists the world over.

Bethel has one main street, which rapidly becomes a country road, and a few little side streets. Near the post office is the Bethel Bank. It isn't every day that the handsome, silver-haired cashier, Howard Judd, with the tailoring of Wall Street, is interviewed by someone from New Masses. Obviously he was bothered about the undeniable fact that here was a radical and yet someone who was as familiar as

His Bethel "museum," drawn for "New Masses" by Ray Young, business man of Monroe, Wis., and his favorite nephew.

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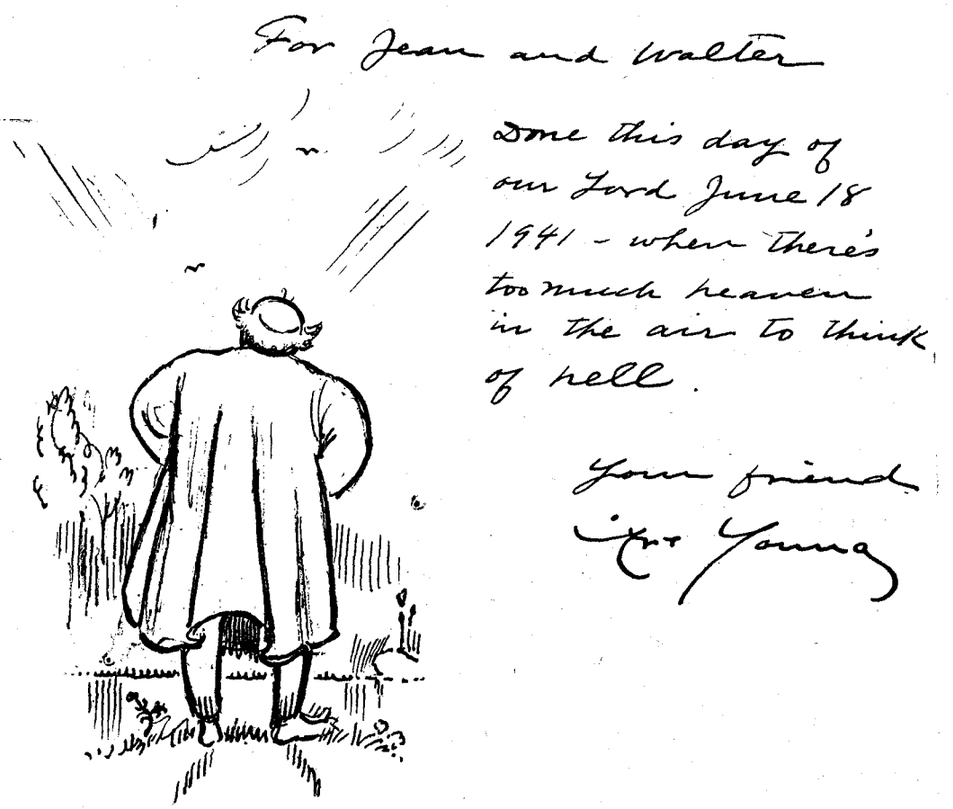
an old shoe, who seemed like a regular American and even like a Yankee, something which Cashier Judd set apart from the rest of America with as arbitrary a line of demarcation as he applied to radicals.

Fixing me with a stern look, he said, "Art Young came into Yankeeland and was accepted. Do you know what that means?" This was the stronghold of conservatism, he went on, yet "Art was one of us." Then he made the only explanation he could make, ignoring the whole reality of Art's life: "He didn't live his ideas, Art Young didn't. He was a radical, but he didn't live like it." He nodded a crisp goodby. "That's a banker for you," grinned the fellow citizen who had introduced us, when we were out of earshot.

The main road in Bethel goes past the village blacksmith shop, still functioning under the anvil of a big Irishman named Haughey. Across from it is the red cider mill, and it was from here that the boys in the hose house, as the volunteer firemen's station is called, obtained a rare by-product one night during the prohibition period—cider brandy. The tale of the wonderful cider brandy, served in honor of Art at a shindig in the hose house where he was made Bethel's ambassador plenipotentiary to New York City, was told by Morris Britto, Bethel's chief of police, and is celebrated in an illustrated inscription the ambassador wrote for him in one of his books.

Britto, one of the few friends who merited originally drawn photographs from Art Young, likes to think of Art as, wearing an old bathrobe, a lantern swinging in his hand, and chewing his dead cigar, he strode down the road to meet Britto when he knew the town historian, as Art called him, was on his way to make a social call.

Art often sought out Britto. During the years when frequently large parties of artists, writers, and celebrities would descend on Art, Britto attended the parties in the gray-shingled farmhouse which was Art's until he had to sell it. Neighbors of Art's tell about his delight over the police chief's hardy humor. Art liked people, and particularly, people in the rough, lusty souls who could make him laugh. Britto was one of these, and Art would sit by the hour listening to his tales. For Art, the big policeman betrayed a surprising tenderness. He was reluctant to let us take his books to reproduce Art's drawings. He sat in the front room of Art's young neighbors, Jean and Walter Rose, hugging the books against his knees. Would we insure them? "I wouldn't part with them for any amount of money," he said, over and over. "A hundred percenter" he called Art. "I can't believe he's dead," he said. "I didn't think Art would ever die."



Dedication from "Art Young's Inferno," presented to Jean and Walter Rose.

It was amazing to see how Art was the thread that bound together so many persons in Bethel and Danbury—waitresses and bankers, policemen and farmers and barbers. They had had nodding acquaintance before, but Art drew them together. They would do anything for Art. And Art never minded imposing on them. He was at once selfless and self-effacing, and yet as unashamedly selfish as a child. Once he dropped in at midnight at the Roses', preceded by a delegation to announce his coming, and ten days later he was still there. During that time he had meals at special hours, and special menus. He arose before light to stride about barefoot in the dew, the subject of a caricature he drew in one of his inscriptions they so rightly prize, and slept through lunchtime. It didn't matter. It was Art. You forgave Art anything.

Art in a bathrobe with the Socratic lantern in hand, or Art in nightshirt parading about in the morning dew: each friend has some picture of Art he treasures most. With Al Schlimmer it is Art pushing a baby-buggy, cigar clamped in teeth. Schlimmer is a tough-fibered little man with sandy hair who owns the farm just back of Art's old place. The farms merge at the rise of a hill and an outcropping of stone which formed a natural shelter for Art's frequent sun-baths. It is just beyond the few surviving trees in Art's apple orchard, where he had hoped his ashes could be scattered. Al was born in the nearby hills and was a boy when Art Young came to Bethel. And while Art aged slowly, shrinking some in girth every year but otherwise changing little, Al, who used to work for him about the place, grew up, married, had a baby every year and now is a grandfather. Art used to call his neighbor's farm "Schlimmerville" because of the vast number of little tow-heads about the place. "I can just see him grabbin' the baby-buggy away from the missus and pushing it down the road himself," says Al, who now augments his elastic farm income, always stretched to breaking to feed the many Schlimmer mouths, with wages of a war worker.

You go back in the direction you came to get to Danbury—back past Art's place, through the town of Bethel. It runs into Danbury, set among low-lying hills where Art used to saunter, more and more slowly in his late years. At one end of Main Street is the Empress Theater. Wilson told how Art used to go up to the boxoffice and say, "Is it sad or is there shooting in it?" If by mistake he did get a sad one, he wept unreservedly.

The first person we met when we got off the bus was the salesman, Tom Neary. Neary is one of those ageless persons Art Young seemed to gravitate toward—a man with a flashing eye and radiant smile. We went across the street and sat over coffee in the Green Hotel Cafeteria, where Art used to eat dinner every night. "Art was just like one of our own townspeople to us," said Neary. "We took him for granted. I used to pass the time of day with Art every day. Every evening after supper he'd come down Chapel Hill from his rooming house, and walk down this side of the street and up the other side. I'd always be standing out in front of the electric light company store where I work, and Art would drop by. He would be stopped by someone every few feet. He liked that. We sure

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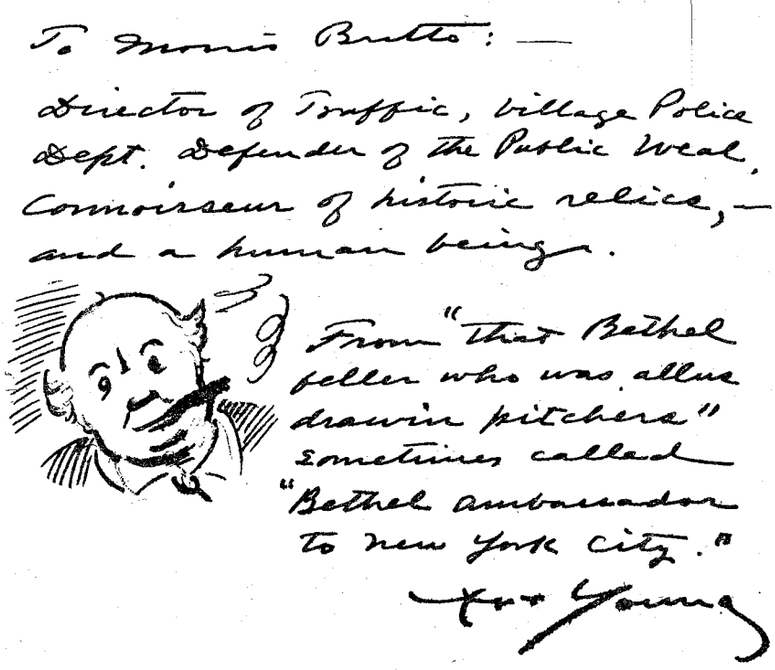

Dedication in flyleaf of the "Best of Art Young," given to Morris Britto, policeman of Bethel, Conn.

will miss him. He was one of the people, you might say."

We talked to the chef who used to save delicacies for Art, a little man who spoke of him affectionately in broken English, Tony Bruni. Etta Barrett, the cashier who knew Art for six years, proudly produced an autograph book bearing his name and an inscription about spring and Etta, a few flowers dropping their petals by her name. The barber shop of Sam Mellilo, a special friend of Art's, was closed.

One of Art's warmest admirers, Leroy Jackson, music store proprietor, who owned the house where Art occupied a corner room for seven years, told about his hurt when Art left town without telling him goodby. Next time they met, however, in the Green Hotel, they flung their arms around each other. Jackson was consoled. "Art got a big kick out of not being treated as a celebrity," said Jackson. "Someone had told him garlic was good for the heart, and he began munching a clove of garlic at lunch—a glass of milk and a roll, which he ate in Cutbill's bakery. One day he dropped in the store to tell me delightedly that Cutbill had ejected him because of the garlic fumes. He had a sly way of enjoying the humor of a situation like that, instead of finding it an affront to his dignity."

ART YOUNG was at once a merry and reserved person to these townsfolk. "Everybody else used to stand around here saying how to run the government, but Art, he just listened," said Edward C. Moyer, at the cigar store where Art used to buy the cigars he chewed so persistently after high blood pressure kept him from smoking.

In a room over the cigar store we found Nellie. Nellie Herberg, a little woman with snapping dark eyes and a smile bright as the sunlight which streamed in upon her shiny linoleum floors, is now a war worker in a machine shop. During most of the fourteen years she knew Art Young she was a waitress in the Green Hotel taproom.

When Art would enter the cafeteria for his supper, one of the girls would go in the taproom and tell Nellie he was there. "I'd leave the taproom and run in and say, 'I got a hot one for you, toots, right off the press.' Then I'd tell him one—and it was always funny and smutty. While he was still laughing, I'd run away. On his way out, hat at an angle, I can just see him, he'd stop in the taproom and say, 'What was that one, Nell? I want to remember it, to take back to the city.'"

But if most people in Danbury knew only the merry side of Art Young, Nellie—less than half his age—was the exception. He talked to her—of his family, of Sacco and Vanzetti, of Eugene Debs, of the *Masses* trial. Twice he climbed the stairs to see her when she was lying with a broken back after a fall with a tray. She was strapped to a board on the floor and he looked down and said, "Nell, you look awful funny." Then handed her some flowers. She got out a big scrapbook with a page full of Art's New Year's cards, to show he never forgot her.

"Yes, he enjoyed my society a lot," said Nellie. "I'd say to him, 'Art, you're a famous artist and all that,' and I kidded him: 'Why don't you ever let me come up and see your etchings?' One time I was in New York and called him at the Hotel Albert. I said, 'What you doin' tonight, babe?' And he roared back, 'No one would call me that but Nellie. By God, I miss you, Nell.' Oh," she ended, slipping into the present tense, as so many people do when talking of Art Young, "I just love him to death."

It was characteristic of Nellie that she didn't mention her own troubles. For years before his death she had supported a tubercular husband. And though Nellie's earthy humor always brought a laugh from Art Young, he was all too aware of the struggle behind her sparkle. It was Nellie's real story —Art Young's kind of story.

Our Comrade-In-Arms

By Boris Efimov

Famous Soviet Cartoonist

Moscow via press wireless.

ART YOUNG's drawings are published in the principal Army paper, *Red Star*, the satirical magazine *Crocodile*, *Ogonyok* magazine and others. He belonged to those artists to whom working means fighting for justice, and in our time one cannot fight for justice without being an active anti-fascist. Art Young was our friend and comrade-in-arms because his efforts were directed against Nazism. His biting cartoons appeal to the masses. His hard-hitting style is effective not only in his country but far beyond it. His works, impressive for their clear-cut statement of political themes and simplicity of form, can be achieved only by an experienced master.

I have on my table one Art Young drawing dealing with the heroic struggle of the Red Army against Hitler's Germany. Hitler is shown in it. This is one of those social caricatures depicting the loathsome character of the Nazi regime with great impressiveness. Drawings such as this expose the rottenness of Hitler's "New Order" and the monstrosity of Nazi crimes. Thus, a fervent anti-Nazi takes part in the great battle waged by freedom-loving nations against evil forces.

The artistic intelligentsia has lost one of its outstanding members. But Art Young's work will live on and call upon his young colleagues to take an active part in the struggle against Hitler's Germany for the happiness of mankind.

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"A Life Worth Living"

By Art Young

Ella Reeve Bloor

Art Young had a gifted tongue as well. The following is a speech he made at the eightieth birthday celebration of his life-long friend, "Mother" Ella Reeve Bloor.—The Editors.

I USED to hear of a certain woman in our town who was always ready with a positive answer to any question put to her. Once she was asked if she believed in infant baptism. She replied: "I certainly do. I have seen it done." So, if any one asks you if you believe that life (with all its frustrations and sorrows) is worth living, you can think of Ella Reeve Bloor and say, "Surely, I've seen it done."

Ella Bloor can hark back to the days when we were members of the Socialist Party. A party that began to disintegrate about twenty years ago . . . till today it is—well, I don't like to be facetious about it, but an old comrade put it this way; he said it's "something to sweep up." In those early days, however, we learned the fundamental principle of our faith: "The social ownership of the means of production and distribution." We talked, we wrote, we cartooned for that principle.

Came the revolution in Russia, when the people of that country, under the leadership of the immortal Lenin, started to put that theory into practice. To many of us comrades of that time, it made no difference . . . if the Russians called it socialism, or called it Communism, which is another word for community or common ownership. All we asked and hoped for was that they could keep going in the direction of their goal. It was a theory taken from the high realm of discussion and put to work. The hardships they encountered from the start, to build up a backward industrial country . . . attacks by ruthless invaders . . . betrayals among their officials, would have discouraged a less determined people. But they kept on socializing railroads, power plants, hospitals, medicine, farms, education . . . everything. And all this time our American Socialist Party found nothing to praise. Their policy was one of smug indifference or attempts at ridicule of this first effort (on such a tremendous scale) to establish what they had once proclaimed as the state of the future, the industrial commonwealth, or social ownership of the means of production and distribution.

Of course, the business-as-usual press, and even the liberal magazines and newspapers, gave the cynical critics the right of way (and often paid good money) for their sniping at Soviet Russia. One writer, supposed then to be a liberal, wrote a book (I think it was seven years after the revolution) called *Red Smoke* to prove that there were no resources worth developing in all Russia. He had figured it out that the whole socialist set-up within the borders of the USSR was sure to be a failure. Thus wrote one Isaac Don Levine, who had been there—and so had others of his journalistic kind—looking for paydirt to sell to American editors who wanted unfavorable reports about the new experiment in social economics over one-sixth of the earth's surface.

But today, their sophistry, their lying, their ridicule, and their statistics, have been found out. Truth is on the wing. So here we are, old timers and a later generation, who have survived the air raids of the radio commentators, the poison-pen writers, and the politico-misleaders. So here we are, with our flag of faith still flying: collective security of nations, and freedom from want for all humanity. But we all know that the killing of Hitlerism is the vital duty of this period in our journey toward the better day.

MOTHER BLOOR is at her best at eighty years of age . . . and in spite of everything, with the same staunch devotion to a cause that won her mind and heart at an early age.

When I was a boy, I used to know some retired farmers living in our Wisconsin town. If they could sell their farms when they felt themselves too old to carry on, they would buy a house in town and thereafter sit on the porch and watch the world go by. Our village wag said: "A retired farmer comes to town to die, and then forgets what he came for." Ralph Waldo Emerson, when in his seventy-third year, said: "I'm getting old—time to take in sail." Yes, the philosophers have had much to do with the conception of old age as a time for retirement and tranquility. I'm not opposed to the idea. God knows, most workers . . . men and women . . . of brain or brawn (or both) . . . should have the right to slow up—and the right to economic security, and comfort, when the physical machine which has been put through long years of arduous work begins to creak.

Our own Mother Bloor is at her best now that she is eighty years old, and her devotion to an ideal has helped her to get that way. This devotion we all recognize as the courage to lose her own life, if need be, that it may be gained for others . . . the people.

I have no doubt that by the turn of the next century science will have discovered the way of real longevity for all of us. Not just the three score and ten as an average limit, but a hundred, or more. And the social environment will have been created which will make all of these years worth living . . . for everybody. Then our dreaming and our ideals will function without the cruel restraints we and our forebears have endured through the centuries. Then, what we now call old age will be a misnomer. We will all be youngsters at eighty . . . like Ella Reeve Bloor.

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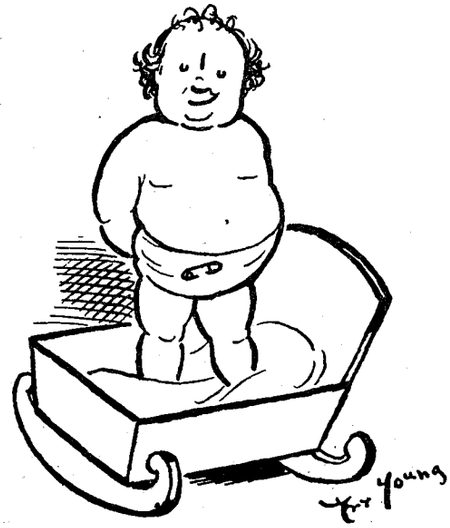
Looking Back on a Long

WE KNOW we cannot begin to reconstruct the great gift of Art Young in these few pages devoted to his life work. We can only dip into the rich treasury of his art and afford our readers some of his drawings which reflect high points in his life. This is, of necessity, an all-too-sketchy array of his works: we must refer our readers to the original sources for a fuller satisfaction: to *Art Young, His Life and Times,* to *The Best of Art Young,* to his *Inferno* books, and to *Trees at Night.* Unfortunately, too, we could not, in the brief time we had to assemble this issue, supply our readers with those inimitable little sketches he did on innumerable postcards and letters to his host of friends. But his many friends remember and cherish them.

However, running through all his works like the motif of a symphony, is his preoccupation with the wrongs of the world and his love for mankind. We do not believe there was much of Puck in his art, contrary to some beliefs: if he laughed he laughed, as the old Negro said, to keep from crying. As you will see, in this sampling of his life-work, Art did hate: he hated wrong, and poverty, and those who seek to maintain an eternal perspective of wrong and poverty. He grappled with the issues of his day with the skill of the splendid artist and journalist that he was. Art was constantly changing, changing as the world changed. The talented lad who, on an assignment from his editor, worked as a hostile artist at the trial of the Haymarket Martyrs in 1886, came to see that they were the wronged, not the wrong-doers. He arrived at the point in his life where he agreed with Lincoln Steffens: "I have seen the future, and it works." You will find a drawing on that theme on page 14. Three weeks ago, in illustrating Samuel Sillen's piece on Art at the time of his death, we printed Art's last political drawing: its inscription—"The Four Freedoms, Yes. And Teheran." That was his evolution. And his final comment on the world he loved so well.

THE EDITORS.



The beginning—self portrait.

Arrival in New York, 1888

My first published cartoon (1884)

End of the Paris exposition, 1889.

Scene in father's store—around 1886.

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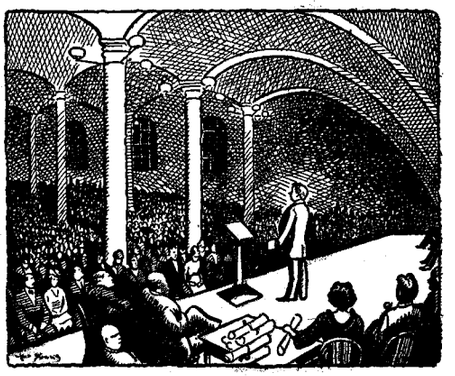
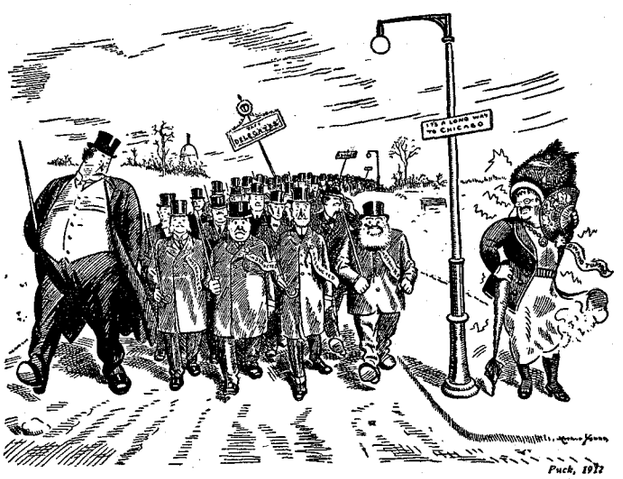
ard Road

Art Young starts "Good Morning" on a shoestring.

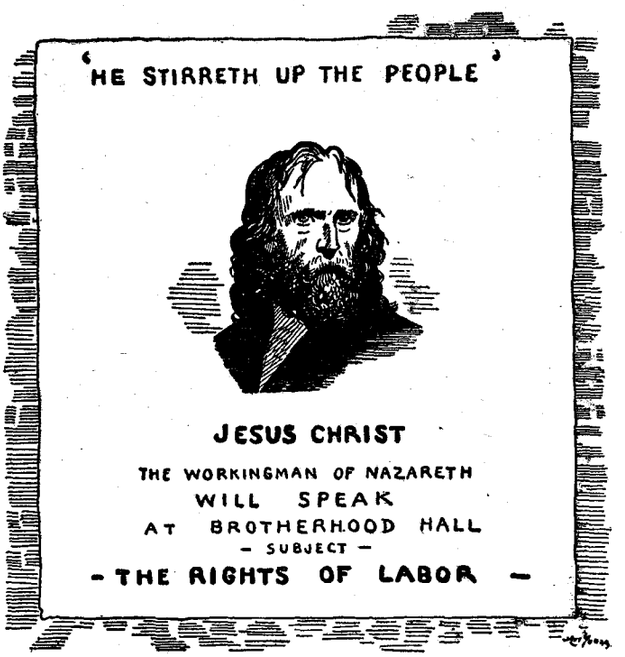
The Haymarket prisoners in jail.



Graduation night at Cooper Union, 1906.



Taft: "Eyes front!" His supporters face temptation on the eve of rival Republican conventions.



The Masses, 1913

"He stirreth up the people."

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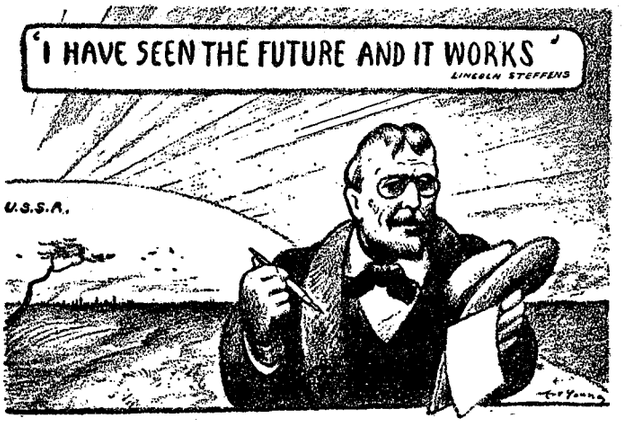
American mothers.

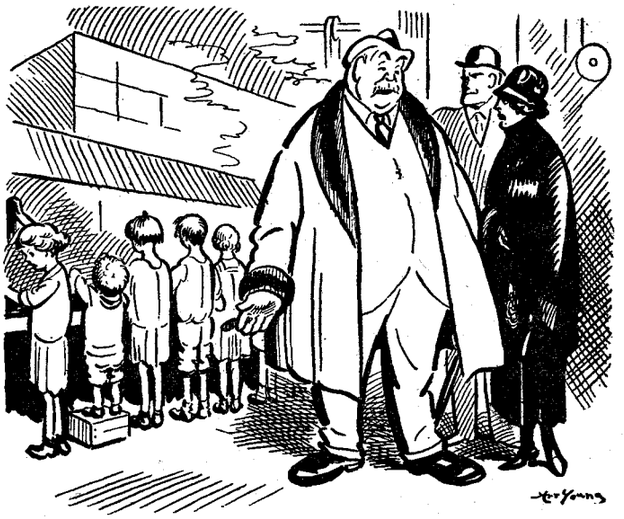
Puck, 1909



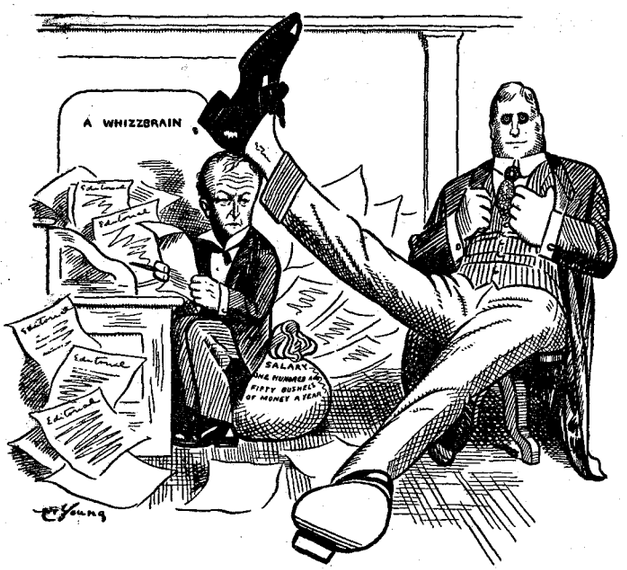
Steffens reports on his visit to Russia.

New Masses

The editorial "we."



Child labor employer: "You see, it keeps them out of mischief."



Hearst and Brisbane.

A success.

Life

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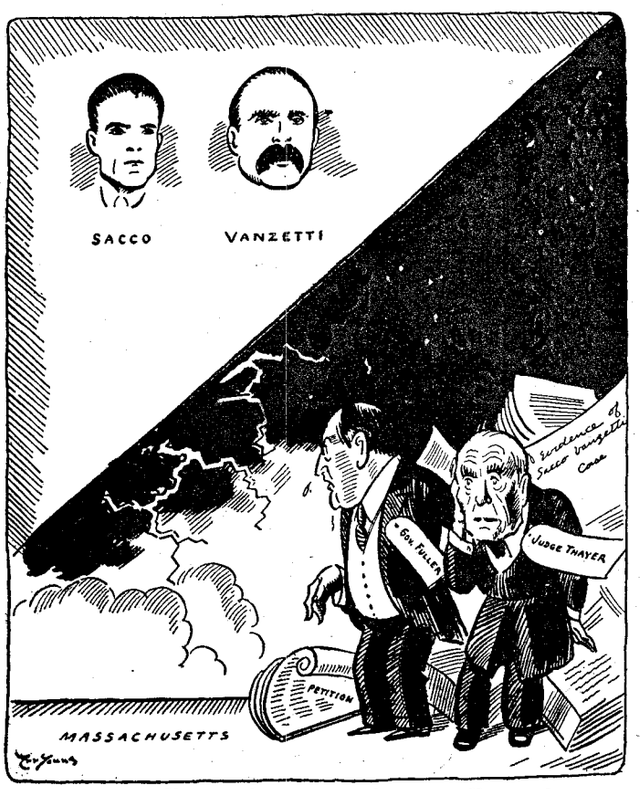
"What's he been doin'?"
"Overthrowin' the guvment."

The trap.



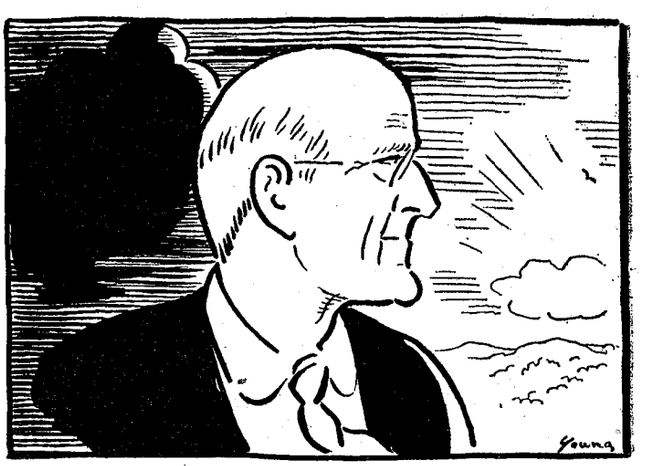
Governor Fuller: "Cheer up, Judge, it will soon be over."
New Masses

SOVIET RUSSIA
BORN Nov. 1917
BLOCKADED, STARVED, ASSAULTED BY ARCHANGEL EXPEDITION, KOLCHAK, WRANGEL DENIKIN ET AL.
INTERNAL TROUBLES, REPORTED DEAD — 967 TIMES.
TRANSPORTATION — LEGS BROKEN.
INJURED BY DROUGHT AND FAMINE. —
BUT UNCONQUERED

Soviet Russia's fifth birthday.

"YOUNG PIGS MUST HAVE UNBOUNDED FREEDOM IN DIRECT SUNLIGHT AND PURE AIR FOR HEALTHY NORMAL GROWTH. THEY MUST BE INDUCED TO RUN AND PLAY AT LARGE RANGE."
From a bulletin-U.S. Dept. of Agriculture

Pigs and children.



Eugene V. Debs

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Just plain Willie Jones

As he seems to his teacher

To the cook

To the cat

To his mother

The southern cross.

Yours truly.

Hoodooed.

Hoover: "You stop following me, d'hear! Here I am all dressed up for a second term and you spoil everything."

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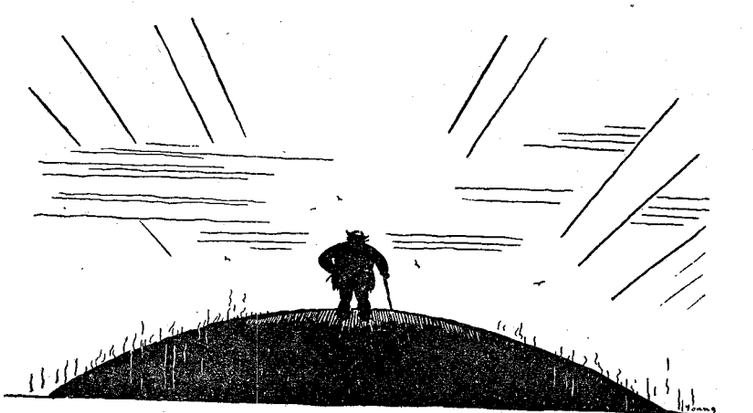
From "Art Young's Inferno."

Boiling mad.

1942 New Year's card.



Final illustration from "Art Young's Inferno."

1943 New Year's card.

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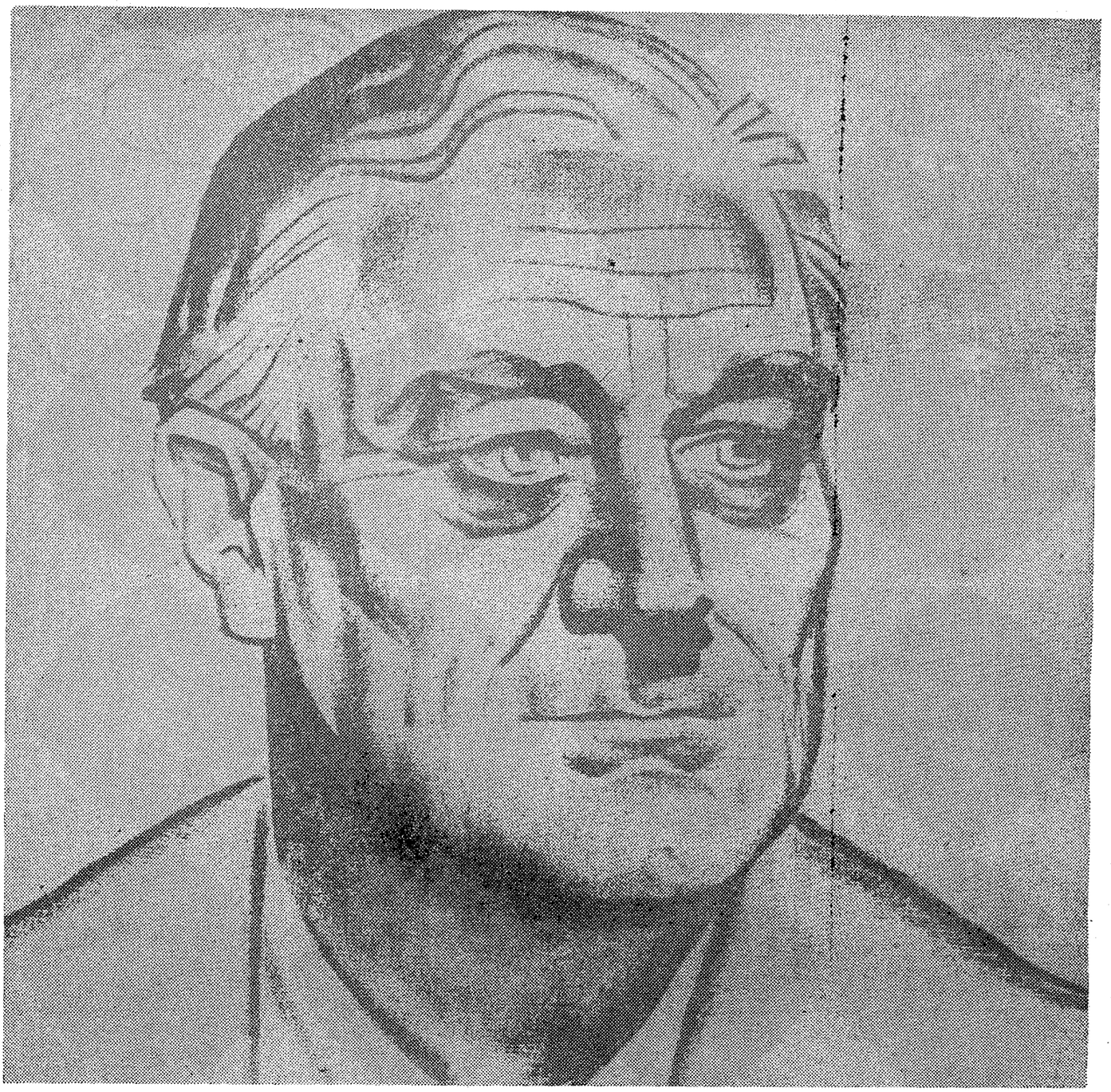

By Hugo Gellert

THE country this January 30 turns with more than its customary warmth and affection to greet the President of the United States, the Commander-in-Chief of all our armed forces, on his sixty-second birthday. In the past year the President's leadership has achieved a new dimension—the gigantic dimension of Teheran. Franklin D. Roosevelt has met the test of history: he has led our country out of the quicksands of isolation and irrational prejudice to the solid ground of the great comradeship with the Soviet Union, Britain, and China, that guarantees victory in the war and makes possible the building of a democratic peace lasting for many generations. Today he is not only America's leader, but a world leader to whom millions in all countries look with hope and confidence.

The past year has seen our troops assume the offensive in North Africa, Europe, and the Pacific. They have helped overthrow the oldest of the fascist dictatorships, and now stand poised with their British brothers for the mighty assault from the west that, together with the giant blow from the east, will overwhelm the bastion of Nazism and free Europe's agonized millions. In the spirit of Teheran the President in his recent message to Congress summoned the people at home to keep the faith with those who are about to go on that high venture of liberation from which many will not return. He has given us a program and a vision. It is for us, the people, to assure their fulfillment. It is for us to assure that the venomous little men who hold Hitler in their hearts, or are blinded by greed or petty ambition, do not succeed in weakening America's will and deflecting it from the course the President has charted.

On January 30 the men and women at the frontlines will give thanks that Franklin D. Roosevelt and no lesser man is their supreme commander as zero hour approaches. Millions of Americans in factories, offices and on farms will think with love of their friend in the White House. And they will join not only in wishing him the happiest of birthdays, but in the wish already expressed by many labor unions and by the Democratic National Committee that he continue to lead our country in war and in peace.

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NM SPOTLIGHT

Road to Rome

WE DON'T need a special cable from inside Italy to tell us how the people of that tortured land felt when they heard that the Allies had landed south of Rome. Most evidently they had long been awaiting word that the inch-by-inch advance up the peninsula had been speeded; Lt. Gen. Mark Clark's Fifth Army brought those tidings. Any step toward all-out military action is accompanied by the inevitable concomitant of all-out political support from the people. Listen to the anti-Axis Free Milan Radio: "Romans, inhabitants of Latium, take up arms," it broadcast. The powerful underground organization welcomed the landing as "the moment that you, all true Italians, have been awaiting." It urged every patriotic Italian to strike at the Germans through ever-increased sabotage and armed resistance. The people were exhorted to leave their jobs and join the Allied troops. Railroadmen were asked to abandon their trains and sabotage the Nazis in every conceivable manner.

At this writing the Nazis have been unable to muster any show of impressive strength to combat the invaders. Powerful British and American forces are pounding inland at a number of points south of Rome. The bridgehead is widening and Rome itself is reported under immediate threat. The northernmost point of the landing appears to be sixteen miles south of Rome. The Eternal City, though not decisive, militarily, will doubtless prove a tremendous political prize: it will be cause for a great deal of furious thinking in all Axis-occupied territory. Many observers, furthermore, see the landing as a diversion for the Big Show across the Channel. In any event, it is a step long awaited and long needed.

Relief for Leningrad

THE world—for a variety of reasons — welcomes word that the Nazis are being shoved back from the environs of Leningrad. Too long have we been horrified by the stories of the criminal day-and-night shellings that took the life of Leningrad—people in their homes and pupils at their desks. Now, it appears, at least, that horror is over.

Let us examine the Leningrad offensive in its full context: the Germans, back in June and July of '41, were pushing the so-called "Baltic March." Eight days after the start of the war, they were on the Riga-Dvinsk-Minsk line, 150 miles inside the Soviet Union—but barely across the Prut on their right flank. By August 1 they were roughly on the Narva-Smolensk line, 350 miles inside the USSR, while on their right they were only on the Korosten-Odessa line. In September they reached the outskirts of Leningrad. It is clear, therefore, that the Nazis originally planned to take Leningrad as a first major objective, the seizure of which was to be followed by a wheeling movement from Leningrad to Moscow. This was to be accompanied by a frontal attack upon Moscow. *But Leningrad held.* The heroic defense of that city forced the Nazis henceforth to a makeshift and improvised strategy. It was way back then, in September, when Leningrad held that the Soviet center struck back on the distant approaches to Moscow (the battles of Yartsevo and Lelnya) and that the seeds of the future German shift from offensive to defensive strategy were sown.

This defensive strategy is now in full swing, but is rapidly playing out. The Baltic march has gone in reverse. Leningrad has finally been freed of the blockade and the Leningrad-Mga-Kirischy-Kashin-Moscow line is open. One can imagine the frantic scurryings in Helsingfors at this moment: we can expect to hear some plaintive voices in Washington again pleading poor little Finland's "tragic" case.

The La Paz Clique

THE new camarilla in control of Bolivia has made big noises about the United Nations, the war against Hitler, its pretensions of friendship with the Soviet Union, its independence from the Bolivian tin barons, its heartfelt desire to represent only the common working people. For all that, its link with the Ramirez fascists of Argentina and through them with the German Nazis has been so plain that recognition has been withheld by those very governments who only six months before had so hastily accredited their representatives to the Argentine junta. Authoritative reports have now reached the world from Montevideo, the seat of the Inter-American Defense Committee which is charged with investigating the coup, proving that officials of the new Bolivian regime had met with high Argentine officials and fascists from Uruguay in the Buenos Aires home of Count von Luxburg, former German minister to Argentine. On the face of it, and the deeper you go into it, the Paz Esstensoro-Villaroel group is pro-fascist.

Much confusion remains in labor and other liberal and progressive circles as to the nature of the Bolivian regime. The widespread hatred of the former Bolivian rulers, under General Peneranda, largely because of the infamous massacre of the Catavi tin miners a year ago, has made many feel that any change would be for the better. Distrust, or at the very least, hesitation over accepting the State Department's leadership in such matters, has made it difficult for the Secretary of State to gain wide popular support for non-recognition. Perhaps the main factor which has prevented US labor from forming a clear picture of Bolivian affairs has been its lack of effective contact with its brother trade unionists in Latin America. Lombardo Toledano's clear statement, on behalf of the entire CTAL, in opposition to the Bolivian coup has been practically unnoticed north of the Rio Grande. The words of another Latin American labor leader, Bernardo Ibanez of Chile, uttered merely as an individual and asking support for the La Paz clique, have on the other hand gained considerable attention. What is desperately needed in this situation and in the numerous similar ones that arise in hemisphere relationships is the closest possible unity and contacts among all branches of the labor movement.

Stop the Smear

POSITIVE action is urgently required to save and to strengthen the Fair Employment Practices Committee and the principle of non-discrimination for which it stands. It is at present being violently attacked by the anti-war, anti-labor elements within Congress. The Smith committee has been holding prejudiced hearings for the deliberate purpose of smearing the FEPC and thereby striking a blow at the President, at national unity, and at the war effort. Carefully selected workers have been called to the witness stand to testify that they would go on strike if Negroes were permitted to work with them on a basis of equality. So intent is the Smith committee upon its mission of destruction that it failed to appear on the

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floor of the House when the clerk was delivering the President's annual message. Instead it was studiously drawing statements from the representatives of an unaffiliated union of Philadelphia transit employees to the effect that they would quit work if discrimination were eliminated. Unfortunately the ill-disguised fascist intentions of the Howard Smiths find conscious or unconscious support from the policy of defiance to the FEPC adopted by the railroad industry, by some West Coast nabobs of the AFL, by a company union in Baltimore, and by such reactionaries as Comptroller General Lindsay Warren, whose attitude toward the war can be no more than lukewarm.

The situation calls for more than mere support of the FEPC in its present form. It calls for something more positive than a mere counter-offensive against the Howard Smiths. The tremendous win-the-war camp in this country must unite in giving permanence and authority to the agency charged with administering fair employment practices. Such permanence and authority are provided in HR 1732, introduced by Congressman Marcantonio. A drive is now under way to secure signatures to Petition No. 18 designed to discharge this bill from the reactionary House Judiciary Committee. This is the same committee which last year attempted to block the anti-poll tax bill, HR 7, and the discharge procedure is the same as that successfully adopted last year.

The elimination of discrimination in federal employment is an essential part of our win-the-war program. On it there can be no compromise. It is therefore the duty of all patriotic organizations and individuals to see that their Congressmen sign Discharge Petition No. 18. No attempts to confuse the issue by the introduction of rival bills or by any other device which the opposition may try, should be permitted to distract us from the single task of securing the discharge of HR 1732 and its subsequent passage.

Congress: Tug of War

THE legislative week in Congress has been mixed, but all in all there is good reason to feel encouraged. The impact of President Roosevelt's message to the reconvening Congress has made itself felt. With the rising activity from organized labor, church groups, veterans' organizations, fraternal and community bodies, the prospect of forcing Congress to fight the war is vastly improved.

The Senate Finance Committee was constrained to eliminate from the new tax bill most of the provisions which would have emasculated the law providing for the renegotiation of war contracts. Continuation of this law, which makes it possible to curtail vast war profits, was point two in the President's five-point program. This phase of the tax bill was further improved on the Senate floor. The present need is to use the same kind of pressure that saved renegotiation to win an equitable tax bill, which, in the President's words, "will tax all unreasonable profits, both individual and corporate." The $2,275,600,000 measure passed by the Senate is far from adequate.

By a one-vote margin a coalition of Republicans and southern poll-taxers in the Senate Banking and Currency Committee turned down the administration's subsidy program and threatened to defeat the cost-of-living proposals outlined by the President as essential to a win-the-war economy. The defeatists ganged up with the greedy farm-bloc die-hards to prevent stabilization of food costs. It is imperative to bring every conceivable pressure on Congress without delay, and particularly on the Senate, to force approval of adequate subsidies without which inflation is inevitable.

At the last moment, the Senate Privileges and Elections Committee approved a compromise bill providing federal ballots for service men and women. The race is on to pass the new Lucas bill in the Senate before the House Republicans and poll-taxers can bludgeon through the Rankin bill, which will deprive the overwhelming majority of those in uniform of their suffrage privileges in 1944. But even if the House, by exercising gag rule, does approve the Rankin bill, the fight for the soldiers' vote will not be over. Popular protest at the attempt to rob the soldiers and sailors of the franchise has been so great that a reluctant Senate reconsidered its former action. Continued efforts can defeat even the Rankin-Republican alliance. Yet there is no time to waste in putting the heat on Congress.

Fish et al. "Woo" Labor

FAR more complicated is the question of national service legislation. Many administration supporters made the mistake (quickly exploited by the defeatists) of viewing the fifth point of the President's message as though it could be isolated from the other points. In asking for national service legislation to prevent strikes and to assure fullest mobilization for the war effort—two aims heartily endorsed by labor—the President went out of his way to stress that

Free Germany Committee

THE first few issues of the newspaper issued by the Free German Committee in Moscow recently arrived in this country. They make fascinating reading and provide a good survey of the Committee's activities as well as those of the affiliated Union of German Officers from the defeated Sixth Army at Stalingrad.

Erich Weinert, a leading official of the Committee and a well-known poet, in one of the issues tells of propaganda work at Stalingrad where he spoke over a Soviet radio to von Paulus' encircled troops. Now many more members of the Committee are engaged in such activities. German troops are bombarded with leaflets telling them about the Committee's aims and warning them to surrender. Every German soldier captured by the Red Army is informed that he is entitled to write the Free German Committee for information and advice. Many of those captured carried with them both the leaflets and the Committee's manifesto.

Willi Bredel, a member of the Committee and a distinguished anti-Nazi writer who fought Franco in Spain as a member of the Thaelmann Battalion, has been broadcasting to German troops and to the German hinterland. He tells his listeners about the Committee and its policies. What he says on the radio bears retelling: "This time the men who have brought about this war will not escape punishment. The Nazi leaders must not escape the just judgment of the people. The seducers will be punished mercilessly, but the seduced have nothing to fear if they separate themselves in time from the criminals. They may yet make good what has happened in the past by fighting against the rotten Nazi leadership and by participating in the struggle for a free, independent, and human Germany."

At one of the early meetings of the Committee a former prisoner in one of Hitler's concentration camps sat at the side of Lieutenant Frankenfeld, a former leader of Storm Troop A of Berlin. Hitler's old foe and a recent convert were united in their common sorrow over Germany and in their determination to lift their country out of the ruins into which it was thrown. As Willi Bredel put it: "The Hitler follower of today need not fear the downfall of the Hitler regime tomorrow—provided he does not oppose the anti-fascist popular forces but joins the fighters for a free Germany against Hitler and his government of gangsters."

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national service legislation was only one part of his broader program, and further, that such legislation was contingent on the enactment of the other four points: adequate taxation, limitations on profits through renegotiation of war contracts, control of food prices, and economic stabilization. The defeatists have made their position clear: the Wheelers and Peglers are against national service legislation. Unfortunately, some labor leaders have been beguiled into discussing the fifth point as if it existed in a vacuum.

It must be understood that a genuine service law does not mean the badly conceived Austin-Wadsworth bill, with its anti-labor jokers. Rather, a national service act designed to achieve uninterrupted production and total mobilization must be so framed as to protect labor's fundamental rights and preserve work standards established by the unions. Labor has nothing to fear from a correctly conceived service bill. The unions must, however, beware of the blandishments of labor's worst enemies—Vandenburg, Reynolds, Wheeler, Fish, and Styles Bridges,—who suddenly moan for labor's "liberties." Their maudlin grief has an only too obvious purpose: to drive a wedge between labor and the President, and to defeat the five-point program, including an equitable national service bill, in order at a later date to slip through drastic anti-union legislation of the type advocated by Rep. Howard Smith of Virginia.

Secretary of War Stimson did not bolster national unity when he appeared before the Senate Military Affairs Committee and declared that national service legislation need not be contingent on the rest of the President's program. His endorsement of the Austin-Wadsworth bill and his action in charging labor with "lack of responsibility" were certainly not in harmony with Mr. Roosevelt's approach. For its part, labor is justified in scrutinizing all legislative proposals before backing any service bill. More initiative on its part, however, rather than flat opposition, would help the passage of the proper kind of service measure as an integral part of the President's larger program. The action of the conference of 2,000 officials, shop stewards, and community council representatives of the Greater New York CIO Council in endorsing the five-point program, while opposing any national service legislation patterned after the Austin-Wadsworth bill, should help clarify this problem.

Pravda's Warning

EVERY commentator with a grain of sense has admitted that *Pravda* is not an irresponsible newspaper. Yet the same commentators were quick to condemn *Pravda* for irresponsiblity in publishing an item about attempted peace negotiations. *Pravda,* according to them, is both responsible and irresponsible; it is both sane and insane. Well, which is it? It cannot be both; it must be one or the other. And every fact at our command leads to the conclusion that so important an organ of public opinion in the Soviet community will not print a rumor unless there is a little fire behind the smoke.

Is it unlikely that Hitler will make, as he has in the past, every attempt to conduct secret and private negotiations? Of course he will, for it is only through such maneuvers that he will be able to achieve what is unachievable by arms. He knows that from a military standpoint he has lost the war; that is as certain as the sun rising tomorrow. On what, therefore, can he place his hope to safeguard the future of his political heirs and assigns? It is his old weapon of splitting the Allies by creating among them internal crises, by undermining British and American morale at a moment when the highest morale is essential to complete the final phase of the European war. Is our country so firmly united behind the President's policies that the enemy has no means of driving a wedge into it? One need only glance at the Hearst, McCormick, and Scripps-Howard newspapers for the clearest answer. One need only read a week's issues of the *Congressional Record* for an equally clear answer. One need only recall the existence of the "Peace Now" movement under the leadership of the Socialist, George Hartmann, for further confirmation of the fact that Hitler has friends here to pave the way for a separate peace. One need only read the reports of the German radio to see how the statements issued by reactionary Polish-Americans are being used by Berlin's broadcasters to whip up fury and hatred against the White House. It was only a few days ago on January 16 that William Shirer, writing in the New York *Herald Tribune,* reported that the "Nazis are fishing in the troubled waters of our Polish population. Berlin reminded our Poles and Americans of Polish descent that 'in some states the Poles actually hold the balance of power in a close or crucial election.' Fred Kaltenbach, the Iowa traitor, carried the ball for the Nazis on this particular play, analyzing the Polish vote and wondering—in his most innocent fashion—if the Moscow and Teheran conferences will have certain unfortunate repercussions for Roosevelt if he should choose to run again in the Polish sections of Milwaukee and other cities with a sizable Polish vote."

Hitler is not asleep. And what we can learn from the *Pravda* item is to keep on the alert for situations, as Walter Lippmann observed, "which, without our intending it and in spite of our being loyally resolved against it, would in fact rupture the common Anglo-Soviet-American front in dealing with Germany." Those who missed the point about the *Pravda* story are living in a world of fantasy, in which after Teheran nothing remains to be done except to sit and wait for the cheerful announcement that the Allied armies are marching on *Unter den Linden.*

The Germans will try by one maneuver or another to undo Teheran. It is the worst political defeat they have ever suffered. They will attempt to move the clock back by exploiting issues which have as yet not been solved to conform with the pattern designed when the President, Stalin, and Churchill met. These issues are many. They do not in any way vitiate the Teheran decisions. Their existence simply means that there is much to be done in settling them quickly so that Hitler cannot ride them to his profit. Above all what we witness now under Nazi inspiration is the effort of defeatism to postpone fulfillment of military decisions; to cry that there need be no casualties if Washington and London will only come to some understanding with Berlin. That is the plan which every tin-horn Hitler in the country, every defeatist in and out of Congress has up his sleeve. Until the atmosphere is cleared of such poison it will affect our nerves and senses. We should be grateful that *Pravda* sharpened our wits and put us on the alert to avoid any traps which Berlin has set.

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Views on Browder's Speech

By A. B. Magil

THE press reaction to the new Communist proposals for the postwar period presented by Earl Browder has been more favorable than to any previous statement of Communist policy. Since most of the press is under conservative control, this in itself is indirect confirmation of one of Mr. Browder's major postulates: that the program of the Teheran conference can be the basis for a broad nationwide coalition of "all classes and groups, with the working people as the main base, from the big bourgeoisie to the Communists."

In characterizing the attitude of the press I necessarily exclude such defeatist, reactionary publications as the Hearst, McCormick-Patterson and Scripps-Howard chains, the *New Leader*, organ of the right-wing clique in the American Labor Party, the socialist *Call*, as well as the sewer sagacities of Westbrook Pegler. Since all of these are opposed to the Teheran program, opposed to total victory and total peace, their catcalls and tirades directed at the Communist proposals are entirely consistent and require no discussion. And the loud hee-haw of *Time* magazine was about what one would expect from the slick boys who process the thoughts of Henry Luce and try to make his imperialist American Century look just a little bit like the democratic promise of Teheran.

Turning to the responsible sector of the press, the honors for intelligent consideration of the Communist Party's proposals go to three women: Dorothy Thompson, Anne O'Hare McCormick of the New York *Times*, and Freda Kirchwey of the *Nation*. But before discussing them, let me say something about two newspapers that I think fell considerably below what one ought to expect of them: The New York *Herald Tribune* and *PM*. The *Herald Tribune's* jeering editorial, with its cracks about "the pipe line to Moscow" being severed and the Communist Party "dying of sheer inanition" (was it a couple of Republicans named Davis and Cacchione who were elected to the New York City Council?) is a bit of journalistic clowning that denigrates no one but the nation's leading pro-Willkie paper. A partial antidote to this editorial is provided on the same page of the same issue in an article by Paul Wohl. Though it deals largely with the Communist Parties in other lands and contains errors of fact and interpretation, it does imply that the time is past when serious conservatives could afford to treat frivolously the Communist movement of any country.

Max Lerner's editorial in *PM* of January 13 is a curious document. I pass over the Olympian tone which is of course not altogether out of character. Mr. Lerner chides those writers on Communist policy "who find ridicule a good substitute for analysis," but he does not himself offer us either humor or analysis. His fragmentary comments on the Communist proposals reveal obliquely that he has no real disagreement with them. In fact, it may be said that Mr. Lerner's inability to find anything wrong with the new Communist program is the chief virtue of his article. But of course he cannot permit the suspicion that he actually sees eye to eye with those Reds. And so he ascends from the earth to the heavens, from the Communist program to the moral character of the Communist Party. Invoking the doctrine of original sin, he asks: "What difference does it make what program the Communists propose—however mild or however revolutionary—if honest American progressives cannot trust what lies behind the program? . . . And what good does it do if they call themselves an educational association, when it is no longer clear what they want to educate for, or what right they have to be educators?"

First, one ought to ask, who are these progressives in whose name Mr. Lerner speaks? Can any of them by chance have strayed among the more than 100,000 Brooklynites and Manhattanites who voted for the Communists, Cacchione and Davis, in the recent election? Can any of them be found among the three hundred distinguished Americans, including Yehudi Menuhin, Albert Einstein, Samuel Hopkins Adams, Arturo Toscanini, Lillian Hellman, Elizabeth Sprague Coolidge, Rabbi Israel H. Levinthal, and Cornelia Bryce Pinchot, who did not fear to associate themselves with the Communist Earl Browder in paying tribute to the heroic anti-fascism of another Communist, George Dimitrov, even on pain of being excommunicated from Mr. Lerner's select circle of "progressives"?

Secondly, just what are Mr. Lerner's credentials which entitle him to pass judgment on the political morality of others? He seems to have most discriminating taste in such matters. I don't recall that his moral gorge has ever publicly risen at the nauseating antics of the anti-Soviet, anti-Teheran Dubinsky crowd in the ALP, or at the only slightly less nauseating flirtation of *PM* with both sides in a struggle involving basic moral issues. I do recall, however, that Mr. Lerner's moral nerve center, which reacts so violently at the mere whisper of the word Communist, was strangely anesthetized some months ago when he became one of the sponsors and founders—in company with such eminent characters as William Randolph Hearst and Herbert Hoover—of the Emergency Committee to Rescue the Jews of Europe, an organization which has been denounced by the responsible leaders of American Jewry. One who aspires to wear the shoes of a moral Hercules should make certain that his feet are not size five.

It seems to me that the political party that back in the Hooverville days pioneered in awakening America's conscience to the plight of the unemployed, that organized the fight which saved the Scottsboro boys, that nurtured social responsibility on the part of our writers and artists, that worked ceaselessly for collaboration with the Soviet Union and for collective security long before it was fashionable to do so, that did not weep over "little Finland," that directly or indirectly helped educate millions—including Max Lerner—that such a party has nothing to learn about moral virtue even from so pure a spirit as Mr. Lerner.

IN A different vein are the comments of Miss Thompson, Mrs. McCormick and Miss Kirchwey. All three writers treat the Communist proposals as an important and constructive political development. All three find in Mr. Browder's speech much that illuminates the problems of the peace.

Miss Thompson (to a lesser extent Miss Kirchwey, too) shows a genuine grasp of the leading ideas of Mr. Browder's speech. She sees in it evidence that "the Soviet Union wants, above all other considerations whatsoever, peace and order in the postwar world. The Soviet Union does not want civil wars between right and left breaking out all over Europe—wars that certainly, in Mr. Browder's candid statements, would lead to a third world war." She finds that "the Soviet Union is convinced that any attempt radically to change the private enterprise system in the United States or any measure that would contribute to its breakdown would result only in violent counter-reaction of a fascist and anti-Soviet nature." And Miss Thompson concludes that Mr. Browder's speech "reveals that neither Roosevelt, Churchill, nor Stalin dominated the Teheran conference and dictated terms. Teheran really reached an agreement. . . ."

Mrs. McCormick, in her column in the *Times* of January 15, writes that the withdrawal of the American Communists "as a party from the coming campaign shows a desire not to muddy the political waters in

(*Continued on page* 30)

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John A. Kingsbury

ART YOUNG belonged to the increasing tribe of Abou Ben Adhem. When, awakening from his brief dream of peace, Art discovers the angel writing in his book of gold, one can hear him say: "Write me as one that loves his fellow man."

My earliest memory of Art Young, like my last, is of one "that watched to ease the burden of the world." About forty years ago we met through Balfour Ker, one of my oldest and most intimate boyhood friends from the West, who, as Art says in *His Life and Times*, is remembered for his powerful social satire. From 1906 to Ker's death in 1918 we met from time to time to talk of the West, to discuss plans for a better world and to consider how each of us could play an effective part in bringing the plan to pass. We were definitely interested in socialism; but in those early days none of us were party members, though Ker was pushing us in that direction, and Art seems to have gone all the way in by 1910. As for me, I became a reformer—God save the mark—but Art was always understanding and tolerant.

The last five years of Art's life were the period of our most frequent contact and most intimate friendship. Learning of his illness and nervous exhaustion from the pressure of completing *His Life and Times*, Mrs. Kingsbury and I sent him a cordial invitation to come to our home in the Catskill Mountains for a good rest. To this he replied characteristically: "Sometime after the thirtieth (November 1939) darned if I don't believe I'll accept your kind invitation. We have so much in common, our direction and hopes so much akin—that it will be a pleasure to sit by your fire at night even if we don't talk much—and dear Mabel—I know I will be in good company. . . . At this season with my book out I get a good deal of mail—and may be a little irritable at times over it, but otherwise my nerves are pretty good at seventy-three after having descended into hell a few times. The Birchmans here are fine—but the countryside and you call to me. So—until later word about it, my best to both—Art."

Three days later (November 25) Art wrote: "My book out—good reviews—and health good, at least compared to two months ago . . . but I need a good Samaritan to come along and rescue me—and I hope it is *you*. . . . Would it be possible for you to come after me and my bag and baggage soon?"

The next day at our home in the mountains, he was, in his words, "snug as a bug in a rug." We protected him as much as possible even from fan mail. However, he had to see his publisher once and autograph a stack of books, which set him back for a day or so.

One morning when Mrs. Kingsbury

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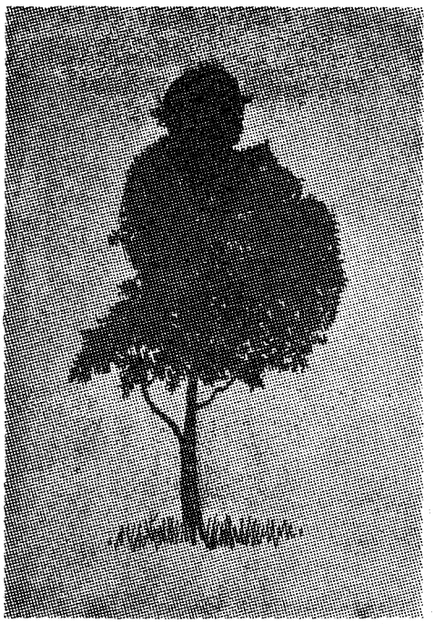
took him his coffee, he pulled his head out of the pillow in which it was buried more in Hades than in sleep. Unable suddenly to turn on his usual gaiety, but forcing a wan smile he said: "Mabel, sometimes life looks pretty black in the morning before you've had your coffee—sort of hard to face."

But after his coffee and a good breakfast he was soon out with our little cairn, his cane and his big cigar, inhaling the fresh mountain air. How he did enjoy it—and the quiet. He loved to listen to nothing but nature's teaching.

After dinner, the big cigar and a crackling fire would set him off. He was full of memories of Middle West types. While he was doing his *Life* he drew "a lot of memory sketches—*personalities*—that some day may go into still another book." These remarkable drawings he brought with him. He would bring his personalities to life before the fireside. He would become animated by the vividness of his own imagination. Picking up a book, he would take me by the arm saying, "Now Abner, we'll sing hymn 140—'Bringing in the Sheaves.'" So we would all sing, Mrs. Kingsbury, a former organist in the Methodist Church, accompanying us on the piano. At the end of a stanza, out of the corner of his mouth, Art would say, "Abner, your voice ain't so good tonight. . . . Now let's try 'Beulah Land.'" At the end of this song he would close the book, look at me with feigned pity and say: "Abner, your voice ain't what it used to be—nor it ever was!"

When he returned to New York and took up his abode on Gramercy Park I seldom went to the city without having a good visit with him. Indeed, Art often tipped the scales to the side of acceptance when I was considering New York engagements. He and Mrs. Kingsbury and I would dine together in the haunts of O. Henry—Pete's Tavern, or across the way in the big window of the friendly Balkan restaurant in which O. Henry worked and watched the world go by—or perchance, we'd dine in Chinatown at the Port Arthur.

Sometimes when I would drop in on him at his apartment I would find him talking to young men. One occasion I remember vividly is the time I met Gilbert Wilson there. I called Mrs. Kingsbury on the phone to tell her where I was, saying, "I am here with old Socrates. He's corrupting the youth again." This greatly amused Art and evidently made an impression on Gilbert Wilson, for sometime afterwards he wrote: "I liked your reference to Art Young as Socrates subverting the youth. Years ago I used to escape into a thought region, putting myself back into Athens, imagining myself as Phaedrus with Socrates, lying on the bank of a stream in Indiana under a sycamore tree, so that the



"The Author"

dialogue became almost real. Strangely, when you spoke to your wife over the phone that evening mentioning Art Young as Socrates I saw—as I never had previously—an interesting, modern, and very real parallel to those past days in Greece. I saw I needed no longer to escape. Here was reality—two older men and two younger conversing—not at all unlike those earlier and enviable days." Later he sent me the sketch on this theme for a mural with the likenesses of Art and myself.

I enjoyed taking Art to the Players Club but I couldn't often persuade him to go because he wasn't a member, and somehow it put a bit of a strain on him. But he greatly enjoyed it when he did, for it often turned into a spontaneous reception by old friends. Once about midnight we dropped into the Players grill and sat down with Percy MacKaye. We were chatting over a glass of beer. The only others in the grill were sitting at the table opposite in a gay group, among them, FPA, Frank Sullivan, and Norman Anthony, who soon came over to our table and, with a feigned whisper in my ear said: "Is this the famous Art Young with you? Well, I want to kiss the hem of his garment." This he proceeded to do, greatly to Art's amusement. That act consolidated the two tables immediately, and that evening started a movement to make Art an honorary member of the club. Shortly thereafter he sent me a card saying, "Percy MacKaye was in to see me and said there was talk at the Players of making me an honorary member—sounding me out. They have quite an honorable role at that: Tom Nast, Steffens, Kingsbury et al., so—thinking it over." But somehow it hadn't come off yet when he sank into his deep dream of peace.

I admired Art most for his unalloyed love of his fellow man; for his unfailing courage in fighting the good fight; for his boundless faith in a better world here on earth. In his annual greetings to his friends he was always facing the rising sun. In his heart were the singing words of George Eliot's great poem:

O may I join the choir invisible
Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence: live
In pulses stirred to generosity,
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
For miserable aims that end with self,
In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars,
And with their mild persistence urge man's search
To vaster issues.

★ ★ ★

The Ballad of Art Young

You've been around
and you're still around,
Art Young:
Serving the world
with the perfect grace
of a man in love
with the human race,
You're still around,
Art Young.

And you'll be around
in the underground,
Art Young:
That underground movement,
the crowded earth,
will laugh with your heart
and your lasting mirth:
You'll be the sound,
Art Young.

And when roots are shooting
with all you started,
Art Young,
Or everyone answers
to all you've done
with your hand in the soil
and your head in the sun,
We'll rise from the dead,
Art Young.

And if someone should ask
how old you are
or young, Art Young,
We'll point to the grass
that is swinging high
and join with the stars
that are singing low
And run with the free world everywhere—
And you, Art Young,
you'll be there!

ALFRED KREYMBORG.

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Daniel Fitzpatrick

You ask me for personal anecdotes about Art Young. Unfortunately our friendship was a long distance one, mostly conducted by telepathy and understanding. His cartoons, books, and Christmas cards made me feel closer to him than many whom I see regularly.

Once I had the good luck to find him in his diggings in New York, down around Eighth Street, I think it was, and without an elevated in sight one could easily imagine being in the office of a midwest country editor. There was a cozy disorder about the place just as there was about the way he wore his clothes, but the disorder only emphasized the kindly fatherliness of the man, made one feel his time was too important to waste on "things" when humanity needed his attention.

First time I met Art Young was in 1916 during the Democratic convention in St. Louis. Young, John Reed, Heywood Broun, Clive Weed, and Jo Davidson were having a drink together at the Jefferson Bar, quite a collection of big shots for a cub to run into. Our later meetings might be brief and years apart, but the kindly and lovable Art Young always seemed near-by and I expect to continue feeling that way about him.

William Gropper

For seventy-seven years Art Young was alive to everything that went on around him. He was a great artist with a generous heart full of feeling and understanding. He suffered with the struggles of the downtrodden, and sided with them in their plights. When an injustice had been committed, he flashed his sharp pen and brush against the tyrants and fascists. His art, like himself, had a keen wit that penetrated deeply.

Wherever and whenever Art Young's name is mentioned, people, without exception, express a love for the man and his work. He was truly a people's artist.

A short time ago in Bethel, Conn., where Art hoped to preserve a small house as the Art Young Museum, Glintenkamp and I visited him in his little shack, to help him select cartoons for his first one-man exhibition, to be held in the ACA Gallery. We were most amazed to find that among other things Art had saved his sketches and original cartoons dating from the Haymarket trials in Chicago. Among many of his originals and reproductions Art cherished those on which he was indicted when the *Masses* was on trial, the cartoons against child labor, the whole series of cartoons on the Soviet Union and his comments on its heroic development.

I once asked him if he ever felt lousy about any cartoon he had done, and he told us of one he had been asked to draw for the old *Life*, when it was a humorous weekly. The editor had asked for a double-page spread, on which he was to draw a comic figure of a Jewish Broadway producer controlling the gay White Way. Art finished the drawing and received a hundred-dollar check which he needed very badly. But he was somehow not very happy about the idea. At that time, Art recalled, we had no political awareness, no organizations that fought anti-Semitism. So he went to the editor, returned the check and asked for his cartoon back. He walked down the street tearing it up, and with every rip he said he felt happy, although hungry.

To most of us artists, Art Young was more than a friend; more than a fellow-artist who for so many years had worked with us, with whom we had exchanged confidences. We all had a special respect for Art Young. He carried with dignity our convictions, and in trying times, when some writers of the old *Masses* and *Liberator* went sour one way or another, Art Young stood fast, and the artists were with him. The works of Art Young will live, and the principles and spirit that Art Young stood for will remain an outstanding inspiration, an everlasting monument to a great man and a great artist.

Charles Chaplin

"Don't you remember me?" said a bright and vigorous gray-haired man standing in the wings backstage at Carnegie Hall. It was about a year ago at a meeting for a second front, and I had just finished my speech and come from the stage into the wings. A crowd was milling about us, so I was somewhat bewildered. "Art Young," he said quickly. Involuntarily I threw my arms about him —a natural response, I think, of anyone who knew him. Art—whom I hadn't seen since 1921. As we were being pushed and buffeted, he paid me a few hurried compliments about the speech. But before I could thank him, I was propelled by the crowd through the stage door and on out into a waiting taxi—the inevitable fate of all visiting firemen—a terrific hurry and bustle to get away in order to go no place and do nothing, which was exactly my program.

In the taxi I felt a little chagrined. Too bad I hadn't a chance to ask Art along. We could have had an interesting evening talking about the good old days when Art's immortal humor flourished in the *Masses* with the rest of that brilliant, happy coterie of young poets and writers—days when Boardman Robinson, Max Eastman, Carl Sandburg, Claude McKay, and Art would gather of an evening at the house of Dudley Field Malone and play charades—and what performances they were! Charades that were merely an excuse for us to show our acting ability, and to invent little plays —and some of them were quite good, considering they were made up on the spur of the moment.

On one of these occasions I met Art for the first time. I remember it quite vividly. He topped the evening off with his impersonations of some of Washington's Senators and Congressmen making speeches —using all their hackneyed phrases. His by-play of chewing tobacco during the speech and looking in vain for a spittoon, then being forced to swallow the tobacco,

The Profiteer: "I'm as good a friend of labor as the next man—but there's no denying the fact that working men do spend their money foolishly."

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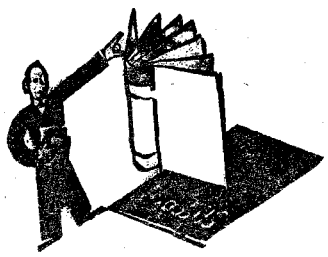

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was a panic. Although his speeches were caricatured, they were brilliantly characteristic of the rhetoric and philosophy of whomever he imitated. These imitations revealed his creative genius—his keen perception of the artifices of oratorical technique and his gift for illuminating what was human and at the same time ridiculous in the conduct of man.

A few days after the meeting at Carnegie Hall, I had the pleasure of an evening with him. Several other friends were there, and we talked of "the good old days." Art was in very fine form. In referring to a mutual friend, someone remarked, "Ah, he's not the man he used to be." Art, in his quiet humorous way, replied, "He never was." When the evening broke up, I drove him home. During the ride we both became somewhat wistful. However, he soon dispelled the mood. "Life is a nuisance to captivate me at my age when I should be thinking of other things," he said whimsically. "Your point of view must have changed," I said, reminding him of one of his famous cartoons of several years ago—a courtroom scene in which he was snoring, with the caption, "Art Young on trial for his life."

In talking of the world today he said, "I'm afraid I won't live long enough to go through the chaos. It's a pity . . . nevertheless, there's a wonderment and a beauty in walking through the fog." I dropped him off at his house and that was the last I saw of him.

It is remarkable when I think of the regard and deep affection I hold for Art Young, for in all my life I met him only three times; and that I have created such a feeling on such a brief acquaintance is, I believe, a tribute to his work and to the charm of his personality.

William Young

One of my most vivid recollections of my brother is the enthusiasm he exhibited at the time of the founding of the *Masses*. It seemed to him the most important happening in his life. And that enthusiasm for his magazine, now New Masses, never left him to his dying day. I have reason to believe from talks we have had recently that at the time of his death he felt that most of the important things that he had hoped for, had been accomplished, or with the turn of events in the world, would soon happen.

Gilbert Wilson

Art Young and I were rather like Walt Whitman and Horace Traubel during the last years. I am very proud to say Art came to depend on me almost exclusively for the various little helps and chores of keeping his work going —to answer letters—to select drawings and send them off to exhibitions—maybe to make a decision on some matter like lending his support to some one of the many, many organizations that were always seeking the endorsement of his venerable name —or maybe it was just to keep him company through the night when he'd have one of his "spells" and couldn't sleep.

He and I had a standing agreement that he should always call me whenever he woke up at night with nervous indigestion, to which he was subject—when his heart, he said, "would beat so hard it would shake the bed," and he'd be depressed and apprehensive and couldn't get back to sleep. At such times he'd get what he called "dark purple thoughts" and lie there and relive his life, thinking about all his unhappy years, plus the condition of world affairs, and it would torment him being alone. He would want someone to talk to. So I always urged him never to hesitate calling me. My phone would ring about two or three o'clock in the morning and Art's quavery voice would apologize for waking me. He never had to ask, but I would assure him I'd come right away. I'd go to his apartment, the door would be ajar—and Art would be snoring peacefully. So I'd stretch out in a big chair in the living room. The next morning, Art would say, very suprprised, "Why, Gilbert, did I call you last night?" Then he would be apology itself. I never minded going to stay with him. It seemed just his knowing that someone was on his way to see him was all he needed to relax so that he could get back to sleep.

My very first visit was to make some sketches of Art Young. I was at the time gathering material on the life of Gene Debs for a mural in my home town of Terre Haute, Indiana, and learning that Art Young and John Reed had interviewed Debs at Terre Haute just after the last war, I wanted to depict that famous event of three famous world figures in my home town. I expected my visit with Art Young that day to last a couple of hours. Instead it lasted almost uninterruptedly for seven years. And the friendship that grew up was always getting in the way of my own work as a mural painter.

My home town refused to let me paint the Debs mural, so I accepted a position as an artist in residence at Antioch College in Ohio. (This was about the time I first met Art Young.) I had been with him three months when I got letters and finally a telegram from Antioch: "When are you coming here to start your work?" I took it to Art. Art got a panicky, helpless look and expressed his wonder about how he'd manage all the details of his many letters, appointments, books to be inscribed and sent off, pictures to be gotten to exhibitions, etc., and it made me feel very much like a "heel." This happened regularly at our periods of separation, so that I just got

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in the habit of going away without telling him. Then I'd get a letter like the one he wrote me on August 5, 1941: "Dear Gilbert: I don't think it quite fair for you to drop out—with no word of your whereabouts. I'm struggling with my problems and feel so hopelessly alone. Rent goes on—everything goes on and the confusion yells at me—from telephones, newspapers, and from a hundred other directions. Oh for my old serenity! What a good helpful friend you have been to me—and I'm always in danger of not appreciating it—in the whirl of my problems—but I really do. Thanking you—your friend, Art."

It got so I had to arrange to spend three months at my own work and then three months with Art, but the inspiration of being around him, studying his work, sorting and cataloguing his drawings and writings, absorbing his philosophy, was fully worth neglecting even my own creative work in order to live as close to him as it was humanly possible.

I am, I trust, pardonably proud of all his many letters and cards. These almost invariably carried his whimsical sketches. If it was summertime, it was a tree and birds in the wind. If it was autumn, a few leaves blew across the lower corner. Once in the spring came a small portrait of Art with a single flower growing out of the top of his bald head. You could never predict his humor. And it could be tragic in tone, too, like the time a card came bearing nothing more than the hand of a drowning victim reaching up for help. The message was unmistakable, and brought me hurrying back east. Once when I was broke, I hitch-hiked. Happily I always found it possible to get enough money from a wealthy family in Terre Haute to support myself when I was with Art. This family also paid him $750 for two of his drawings, and bought over a hundred dollars worth of his books which they distributed to their friends. They always bought directly from Art Young, giving him as much of the profit as possible. The royalties from all Art Young's books were a most negligible sum. Once a publisher's treatment of him brought on an attack of high blood pressure and sent him to a hospital. I happen to know that Art never felt secure economically. He lived on the verge of a constant unrest. Somehow, though, he seemed to accept the fact that since he was the kind of artist he was, it was to be expected. Hence, the famous closing chapter of his book, *On My Way*.

Art was always turning over to me bits of epigrammatic writing and small manuscripts through which he said he hoped to put himself on record. I believe, in his later years, Art actually thought of himself in the capacity of a philosopher. The past year he read a lot of the writings of Ben Franklin, Montaigne, and Marcus Aurelius. He seriously considered setting forth his own thoughts in some similar fashion. I always urged him on when he would speak of writing, feeling that it was important for him to keep writing. He took a great interest in a proposed book of my own about himself—something that could present Art Young in his place as a truly incomparable American and world figure. And he wrote: "I am pleased that you think you ought to formulate your ideas about my part in the art scheme of this America and my trend as related to the wide world."

Elizabeth Gurley Flynn

"SOMETIMES I'm lonely, but I am never discouraged," Art said to my sister Katherine, her daughter Frances, and me, when we were together at what was to be his last supper. He died a few hours later. In retrospect, it seemed as if he unconsciously spoke his own epitaph, not in a somber or foreboding spirit but in his naturally philosophical and calm manner. "I figure I should be able to live another twenty years," he continued, "and I know that in that time I will see socialism spread through the world." Our conversation was desultory—now serious, now gay, but with an undercurrent of the great changes taking place in the world, of which he was so keenly aware.

Art was tired from the task of sending out over 1,500 New Year's cards, to which he had added in red ink, after the four freedoms, "Also Teheran." He signed them all; on many he added personal greetings and he mailed them before he went to rest that night, at different boxes and post offices so that he wouldn't load down the postal employes. He must have been very weary.

He spoke considerably on longevity that night, of George Bernard Shaw and Mother Bloor and of our mother. He and my sister told stories, as usual. Kathie told him of a woman who came to her defense booth, a woman whose husband had walked out fifteen years ago to buy cigarettes and never returned. She confessed that she occasionally wondered what had happened to him. Art countered with a story of an enterprising reporter who went to the British Museum where Lenin used to go regularly to study. He described him to the musty old attendant who finally said, "Oh, I remember—a short, bald stocky man with a beard!" The reporter said eagerly, "Yes—yes," but the attendant continued, "I wonder what ever happened to him?" Art chuckled at how close to history the old recluse was and didn't know it.

Our family's acquaintance with Art Young goes back over a quarter of a century. He was especially fond of my beautiful Irish mother and we treasure particularly among his books the one he dedi-

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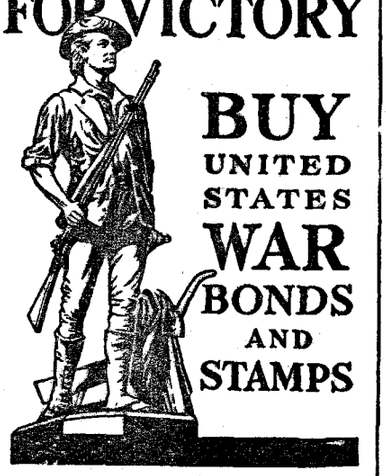

cated "To Mother Flynn from Father Young," in which he drew a little sketch of himself writing it.

He was a consistent and courageous admirer of the Soviet Union and the Red Army and described himself to me more than once as "A non-party Bolshevik." He had an extraordinary capacity to remain friends with people far removed from his social ideas—if they were honest in their views. But he would never sell his talents for what he disbelieved in, no matter how great his personal sacrifices. His friendship with Brisbane was on this basis. My son Fred went to see Art when he returned from Brisbane's funeral. "Maybe some people won't understand why I went," he said in a troubled manner. But Fred assured him everybody would understand, and said, "Well, maybe you'll get a chance to go to Hearst's funeral some day!" Art brightened at the thought and laid aside his worries.

Art Young was gentle in manner, kindly and reassuring. But he was a great fighter against injustice, poverty, inequalities, and against fascism in all its forms. He was never downhearted about the progress of the world. He spoke to us rather regretfully that night about having to sell his little place in Connecticut where he had always planned to have a museum for his pictures and which he had started to build, I believe, or at least had designed. "I got a little money to live a little longer," he said. He said once to his friend Marguerite Tucker: "If I was in the Soviet Union I would be a people's artist and would not need to worry about money."

I know that funds were raised by friends, but to Art, as to any of us, it was not the same as it would be if guaranteed by a people's government. My concept of a proper and fitting permanent memorial for Art Young would be to keep his pictures together, as a united whole, to be housed in an appropriate place where all his friends and admirers, thousands of trade unionists and others, could refresh their spirit at the fountain of his genius and where he would live on in his work with all future generations. This was his dream. This is why he kept his pictures together and hated to part with even one. All of us who loved and admired Art in life should unite now to accomplish this—his great personal desire. He did not know he was speaking his last words to us, nor did we, but what he said then was in the spirit of all his conversations and his life. He was, as he felt and knew, in all modesty, a people's artist. His works belong to the people.

Sherwood Anderson

IT TOOK your going up there to see Art Young and happening to mention me to make me realize what a fool I am. I never thought he'd like to hear from me. God! To think that a man like Art Young should be pleased by anything I have done. Why, we should all stand in humble reverence of the great simple soul he is—that lifelong work he's done, and the example he has been. I could wish I had more of what he has, for in the final solution, that is the answer—to take it laughing as Art Young has. That is the way to keep our faith, our sanity—as people.—*From a letter written to Gilbert Wilson by Sherwood Anderson before his death.*

Adolf Dehn

OCCASIONALLY Art Young would come up to my studio and it was a great pleasure to have him get going on old times. Once he was talking about his early newspaper days and told me this little story: How as a young man, at the offices of a great periodical he found himself standing where everyone must stand from time to time, this time next to the unapproachable editor. The august gentleman looked over at him and said, "Well, young man, we're all peers here!" I then told Art my very first memory of him was at the *Masses* trial in 1918. How at the noon hour recess I, a callow art student, was startled and delighted to find myself standing next to the great man, Art Young, under the same circumstances that he had found himself with the editor, and that the first words that the great cartoonist said to me were, "Well, young man, we're all peers here!"

We used to meet quite often at the Co-op cafeteria on Irving Place and after a few diatribes on the evils of nicotine while enjoying a forbidden black cigar, he would let his memory wander back over the years—how he tried to conform and become a regular artist in Paris under the academicians and how it didn't work—how life plays strange tricks on us and many of our most cherished schemes get whittled down by the system.

He asked, "Did you ever hear about my horse and buggy?" Art always loved the soft clumpy sound of horses' hooves clopping leisurely along toward evening. After the automobile arrived, displacing old Ned, and Art was living on his farm up in Bethel, Conn., he thought, wouldn't it be wonderful to have a horse and buggy; then he could ride about in the evening and smell the trees and flowers and the horse and call on a friend or two and the immediate cares of the day would vanish.

But a horse is an expensive proposition and when Art started figuring on the care that it would require and the cost of oats too, he decided maybe he should start looking first for the carriage. Once he had the carriage the horse would be sure to follow. As sure as the day the night. So Art combed the city of New York for a likely vehicle and finally unearthed a dandy—a fine

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black, shiny Victoria. This he purchased and promptly invited his friends to come and view his prize, which was to be, along with the horse, the comfort of his declining years. Now there remained the business of getting it up to Bethel—and then the horse. He would wait for warm weather and in the meantime store the carriage. He put it in a storage house in Brooklyn.

And there it remained. For several years. For Art Young was a very busy man and with the affairs and needs and pressures of the day the dream of horse and buggy got lost in the shuffle. Not entirely, though, for occasionally, toward evening, he would descend to the subway, ride to Brooklyn, go to the warehouse, and stand next to his carriage.

Eventually Art, tiring of the endless bills from the warehouse, took the carriage out, hired a truck, hitched the buggy on, and together with a friend rode in his carriage to Bethel. That was the only ride he ever had in his carriage. But Art said it was a fine trip and I don't doubt that he heard the horse's hooves.

Often we got around to our old home towns—his in Wisconsin, mine in Minnesota. It was a game—matching equivalent characters, which we invariably found. He would imitate the manner and speech of old Shylock Smith, the richest man in town, who gave one tenth of his unearned increment to the Lord. We dragged out all the characters—the hypocrites, the misers, the stuffed shirts, the gossips, the pool-hall bums, the town drunk, the biggest bore, the worst wit, right down to the town whore, and little Nellie, the milliner's assistant, chaste as new-fallen snow until she was besmirched by that fancy traveling man from the Twin Cities. Art's homespun satires on the old home town were sharp and mildly Rabelaisian at times, but came out of a great sentiment and a compassion tempered by his understanding that we all are victims of our economic environment.

Corliss Lamont

MY FIRST acquaintance with Art Young came through correspondence in the late fall of 1937 when my wife and I wrote him asking his permission to send out as a Christmas card his well-known drawing, "Reward for information leading to the apprehension of Jesus Christ: Wanted—for Sedition, Criminal Anarchy, Vagrancy, and Conspiring to Overthrow the Established Government." Art thought this was a fine idea and requested two hundred cards for his own use. We had the drawing printed up nicely and sent it out to a lot of our friends. The reactions, incidentally, were of an extreme character, either favorable or unfavorable, depending on the politics of the recipient.

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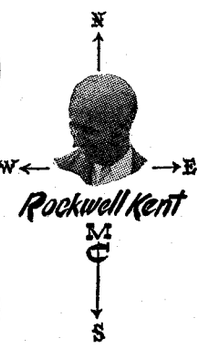

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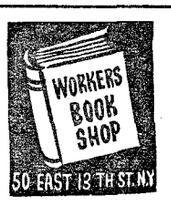

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Soon after that I met Art Young and we quickly became good friends. We saw each other occasionally and wrote each other about our respective books. We discussed especially the Soviet Union. Of course Art was always a strong backer of Soviet socialism, a point that most of the press comments on him have neglected to make.

I would say that perhaps the unique trait about Art Young as a person was that he combined clarity and firmness on the big social and economic issues of his time with tolerance and friendliness toward individuals even when they radically disagreed with him. Deep down inside of himself he always remembered, it seems to me, that we are all fellow-citizens of the same world, striving human beings under the same sky, hemmed-in passengers on the same dynamite-laden ship. I wish there were more Art Youngs around.

Space and time limitations prevented our using many contributions on Art Young. They will appear in subsequent issues.—The Editors.

Browder's Report

(*Continued from page* 22)

the United States." She considers this proof that "the Soviet Union is working for close cooperation with the United States," and describes it as "an abandonment of the class struggle in the interests of political stability in the American tradition of two parties and free enterprise."

Miss Kirchwey points out (*Nation*, January 22) that "the pivotal point" of Mr. Browder's speech was Teheran. "It is to further the aims announced at that historic meeting that the Communist Party is now divesting itself of its name and its character and its principles. Indeed, Browder's whole position is founded on the premise that, just as victory in the war necessitated an intimate union of forces among the great allied powers, so a 'coalition peace' is the only alternative to 'the spreading of civil wars over vast areas, culminating . . . in a new world war between nations.'"

It is evident that the interpretations of all three writers leave something to be desired in the matter of precision (the Communist Party, for example, is not divesting itself of its principles). Yet their generally positive approach is unmistakable. All three, however, suffer from an all too prevalent type of political astigmatism: they look at the Communist Party, and see nothing but the Soviet Union. In the words of Miss Thompson, "Mr. Stalin, not Mr. Browder, was speaking." This is, of course, a high compliment to Mr. Browder, since it not only makes him the spokesman for one of the world's great statesmen, but it attributes to him the clairvoyant ability to read Stalin's mind across the vast spaces that separate them. In fact, Miss Thompson herself senses a certain weakness in the link she projects between Stalin and Browder and tries to strengthen it by saying that "Communist leaders have become extremely intelligent in interpreting what the Soviet Union's intentions and desires may be."

It is good that Miss Thompson has become aware of the intelligence of Communist leaders—an intelligence not limited to interpreting Soviet policy—but what does this intelligence consist of? She writes that Browder, pinch-hitting for Stalin, "was speaking about the Teheran conference, and this is the first real light we have had on what happened there." Now what are these remarkable revelations that Mr. Browder has made about the Teheran conference? "There is but one way to understand the Declaration of Teheran," he said. "That is to take it at its face value." Miss Thompson was one of those who did not take the Teheran Declaration at face value. She wrote one column saying that it meant nothing, and two days later another column saying that it meant everything under the sun. Mr. Browder makes an analysis based on taking the Teheran agreement at face value, and at once Miss Thompson exclaims: "How true!" It reminds one of the king whose embarrassing costume, or lack of it, remained a state secret until a small boy thought of using his eyes.

But at once Miss Thompson concludes that it is all so simple, it must be complicated. No representative of an American political organization could have discerned that when Roosevelt, Stalin, and Churchill said so and so, they really meant it; it must be Stalin telling us that. Such is the perversity of prejudice!

Mrs. McCormick also works herself into a snare of illogic. She writes that "the end of the American party gives notice to the United States that Russia desires to remove the last suspicion of interference in the internal affairs of this country." In other words, Russia proves that she has no wish to interfere in the internal affairs of

Aubrey Pankey, Negro baritone, is seen with Paul Robeson, one of NEW MASSES' contributing editors. Mr. Pankey will sing in Carnegie Hall Jan. 31, under the auspices of the National Negro Congress.

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this country by—interfering in order to dictate the dissolution of the American Communist Party! One wonders too what will be Mrs. McCormick's reaction when she wakes up one of these days to discover that the Communist Party is gone, but the Communist organization isn't.

Miss Kirchwey likewise explains the new Communist proposals solely in terms of Russia's needs: "Russia's two chief problems after the war will be the restoration of its shattered industrial plants and security against new wars. The first problem can be met by long-term commercial agreements with the western nations, particularly the United States. The second problem can be met by the creation of a sound working system of collective security." She also mentions another consideration in the Russian minds: fear that the end of Democratic control would bring imperialist and anti-Soviet reactionaries to power.

As one reads Miss Kirchwey's, Miss Thompson's and Mrs. McCormick's exposition of what the Russians want and don't want in the postwar world, one is struck by the resemblance to what Americans want and don't want. Don't Americans want "security against new wars"? Don't they want commercial agreements with other countries and a sound system of collective security? Don't the majority of Americans want to keep the extreme reactionaries out of power and prevent the adoption of an imperialistic and anti-Soviet policy that will lead to World War III? And isn't it just barely possible that Mr. Browder's proposals, which are so sound that they evoke the admiration of so good an American as Dorothy Thompson, are designed to meet the needs of America?

Of course, even the strained and fallacious explanations of these three writers serve the useful purpose of demonstrating what the Communists have maintained for years and what Teheran has impressively proved: that there is no real conflict of interests between the world's two leading powers, the United States and the USSR. Yet the continued dissemination of the idea that the American Communist organization is a creature of Moscow injures our country in two ways: by cultivating suspicion of Russia, and by obscuring the real merits of the proposals and activities of the American Communists.

Miss Thompson, Mrs. McCormick, and Miss Kirchwey, despite the doctrinaire prejudice that warps their vision, have made a start at a serious discussion of the new Communist program. When the full text of Earl Browder's report to the national committee is published in pamphlet form, with its richness of argument and its bold driving to the core of our country's problems, I hope that they and others, whatever their social and political views, will read it and comment on it in the spirit of constructive Americanism in which it has been written.

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